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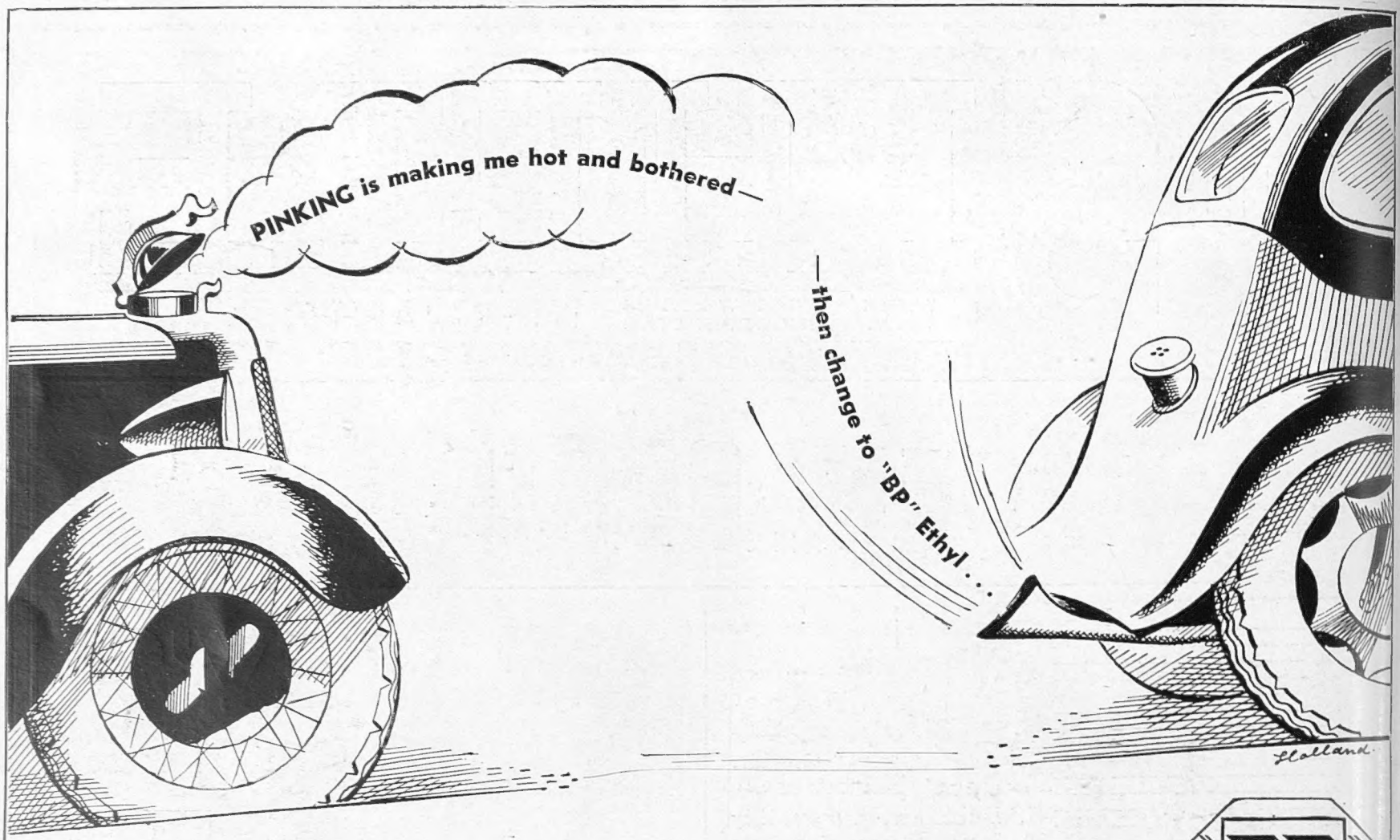

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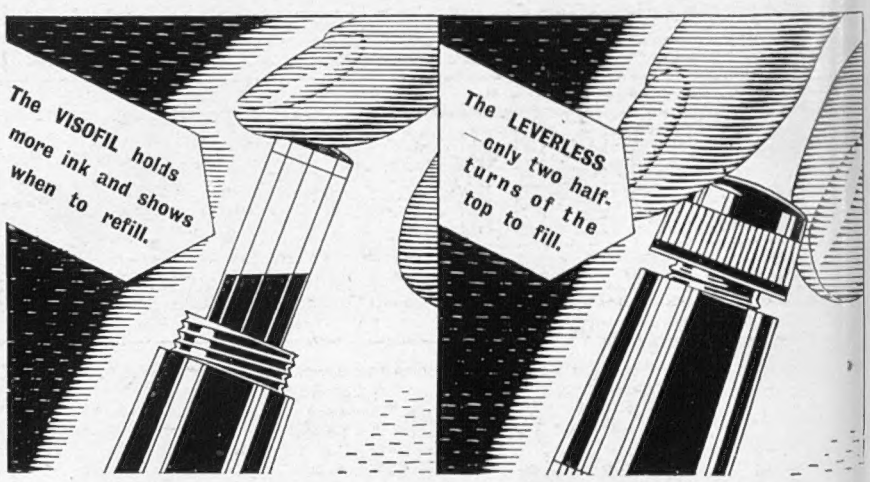

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 11, 1936

Unrest Continues in France

Fascists Marching Arm - in - Arm from the Arc de Triomphe Before Clashing with the Police

Political feeling in France is still at fever-heat, and while the Radical-Socialist Ministry is making a bold effort to assert its authority, it is being equally boldly defied by the Fascist Leagues whose powers it has attempted to curtail so drastically. In consequence, Paris was on Sunday last the scene of violent street-fighting, members of Colonel de la Rocque's Croix de Feu movement, unmindful of President Lebrun's plea for the maintenance of national discipline, clashing with the police and engaging them in a battle that lasted for more than an hour and a half, during which heavy casualties were sustained on both sides. The trouble began at the Arc de Triomphe, where the Fascists assembled in great numbers to watch the rekindling of the flame over the Unknown Warrior's Grave, a task which on this particular day was to have been entrusted to them but, on account of their official dissolution by Government decree, was instead placed in the hands of the ex-Service Men's Association. All went well during the ceremony, but immediately afterwards disorder broke out, de la Rocque's followers linking arms and marching down the Champs Elysées where they came into conflict with the mobile guards. Hand-to-hand fighting ensued, the demonstrators at first repulsing the forces of law and order at whom they hurled furniture and crockery from the open-air cafés. Peace was not restored until the Préfecture sent out strong reinforcements. (*See also* page 47)

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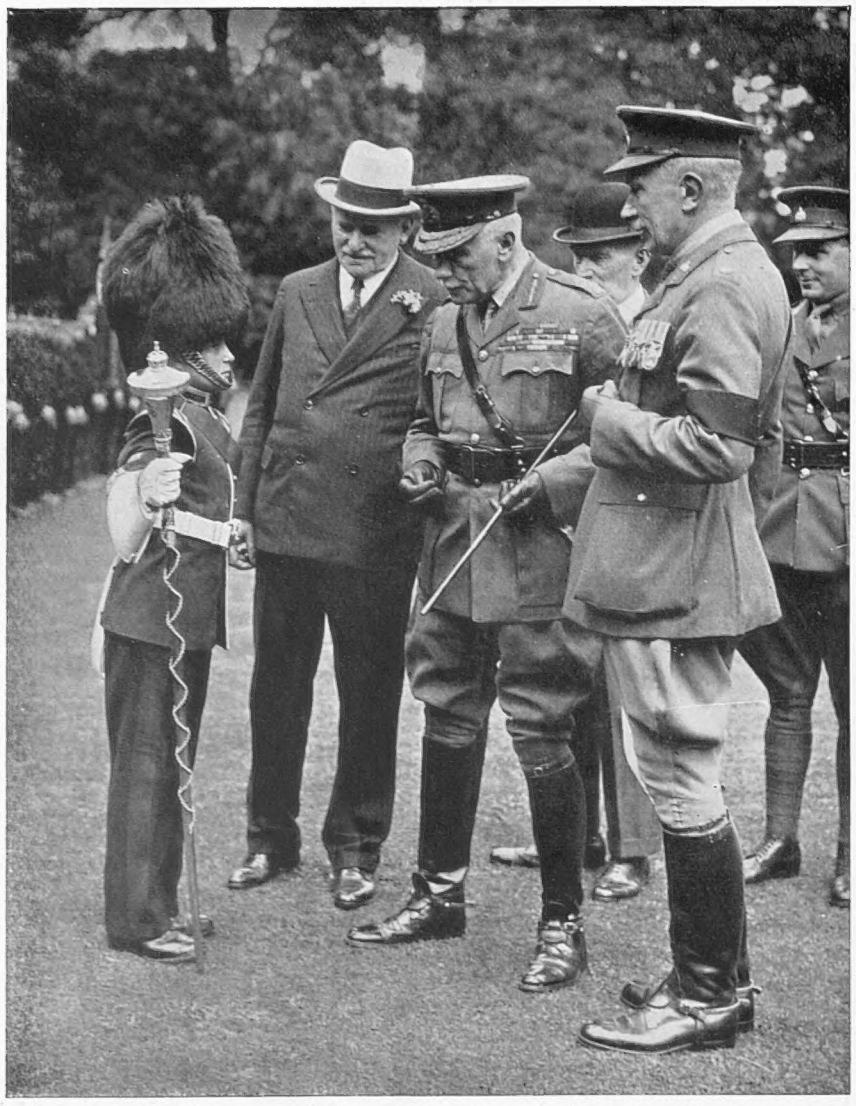


BUSBY AND SCARLET: Field Marshal Lord Milne in conversation with a twelve-year-old drum major during his inspection of the Army Bands School at Orpington, Kent

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4,
Wednesday, July 8, 1936.

AREN'T THEY ALL?—That dignity has gone out of politics, no living student can deny. It is regrettably true. When Pitt and Fox, when Grey and Wellington, when Dizzy and Gladstone, faced each other, the protagonists hit hard, but they employed far more dignity, reasoning, and wit than are to be observed in the party mud-slinging of to-day. In the recriminations between Mr. George and Mr. Chamberlain, in the Socialist leaders' stings and flings, in some of the contemptuous utterances of Mr. Duff Cooper, even in the Premier's justifiable hammer blows, there is a melancholy deficit of geniality, a deal too much gall and venom and spikiness. Aren't they all? Aren't all parties tarred with the same brush, hoist on the same petard of their former policies, failures, and blindnesses? Doesn't sanity or self-interest suggest to them that a little charity, restraint, and dignity would better become them and better serve their very vulnerable reputations? Here is Mr. George, who yesterday was declaring his loathing of war, girding at Mr. Chamberlain for refusing to risk another European conflagration. Here is Mr. Chamberlain and/or Mr. Eden declaring the madness of continuing sanctions who last year gained our suffrages on a solemn promise to uphold the principles of League justice, to punish the aggressor, and to stand by the oppressed. Here also is a Government in power prepared to prosecute the lifting of sanctions with all the vigour (?) with which of late they endeavoured to enforce them, with no more idea of the difficulties which are inherent in lifting them than they had of the consequences of enforcing them. Each solemn decision was made, perhaps inevitably, without that vital examination of the logical or likely consequences of such grave policies. And here finally are the Socialist opposition leaders, policy-less leaders of a party lacking policy, bitterly condemning the Government for taking a course which at least must reduce the possibility of a European war, Britain's participation in which the Labour Party is pledged by all means to obstruct. If silence was ever golden, it is golden now for all party leaders in Britain. The reputation of our statesmen and our ministers was never lower, and reason and self-interest cry to Heaven that party mud-slinging can only make yet more grubby the muddy vesture of their decay.

THE LEAGUE AND GENEVA.—After all, it is not so much the League—poor, vital necessity—that evokes our tears and rage and ridicule, as Geneva and its hordes of guessing, hesitant, Hollywood supers. If these delegates, these would-be professionals knew what they wanted, they have neither the courage to make it known, nor the authority to press it forward. No one can yet see the wood of collective security for the trees of national aims and fears. They are supers in a theatrical setting, a confused noise without and within. One thing emerges as the conviction of serious protagonists in the struggle for world peace. Despite the supers, and beyond these voices, gossiping, whispering, insulting, applauding, hesitating, the League must win through, shorn as little as possible of its powers to avert war and aggression, as far as possible something more useful than a post office for the "old diplomacy," a debating society for academic points, a suicide club for heart-sick journalists. Of Geneva we are heartily sick; of the League we are not quite at the end of our hopes. (If only the setting could be changed, it would be something!) But the League cannot be retained as a force for peace in our time unless Germany is back in it. And that again raises another question, the evil to-day of undisciplined talk in a Europe, acutely national and therefore abnormally thin-skinned and jealous. All sensible men deplore the constant, scarcely veiled attacks on our overworked Premier, but very few doubt that it would make for smoothness in government at home and in diplomacy abroad, if he would throw off his tolerance and discipline the tongues of his Cabinet. It would restore our belief that he possesses a policy and that this Cabinet comprehends and subscribes to it. The spoken views of a Cabinet Minister on this or that are not to-day accorded the deference once paid to such utterances. These, too, are confused noises without and interfere with the action of the drama. Statesmen no doubt must address meetings and attend functions where a speech is expected. But there is no reason and little precedent for such speeches to contain personal views or anything beyond polite platitude.

A CIVIL SERVICE MEDIATOR.—The Civil Service Clerical Association has long been conscious of grievances, and feels that the Treasury has not given sufficient attention to its claims for salary revisions of departmental classes. It would be foolish to discuss the rights and wrongs of the case without exhaustive examination. Mr. Brown, the secretary, seems to have taken a high hand, and the opinion of Sir William Jowitt was taken on the "legality" of a strike. Mr. Chamberlain took a strong line. He was not interested in counsel's opinion. A strike was incompatible with the terms and conditions upon which Civil Servants were engaged and instant dismissal might follow a strike. The Association did not represent the whole service; adequate machinery—the Whitley Councils—exists for settling matters of controversy, and beyond it lies recourse to an industrial Court. Mr. Chamberlain's short answer seems at first sight a very proper reply, though the classes Mr. Brown speaks for have in normal times, which these are not, undoubted grievances. Meanwhile, the existence of unrest in the Service came to the ears of Sir Guy Fleetwood-Wilson, who has given nearly sixty years of his life of eighty-five years to the Service. He loves the Service and offered his long experience to mediation in the dispute. Mr. Brown jumped at the offer, adding perhaps unwisely that Sir Guy would be the first to disapprove of the bad faith of the Treasury—a statement not calculated to make easier a mediator's part. Sir Guy's record of service has already been challenged—long as it is. He is a Privy Councillor, G.C.I.E., K.C.B., and K.C.M.G., has been a member of the Viceroy's Council, and has served in high offices in the War Office and Air Ministry and on a number of finance committees. He is himself remarkable for his outspokenness and trenchant criticism. In the introduction to a charming little memoir of his uncle, Squire "Gumley" Wilson, gambler and hunting man, Sir Guy wrote: "The tendency of the present generation is to sum up their predecessors as old noodles." He wrote that twelve years ago. He has no doubt, with knowledge of Mr. Brown's approval, revised his view of old noodles. The "counsel of the old men" is returning to favour.

GLYNDEBOURNE'S CHARMS—The charms of Glyndebourne, like its permanent opera-house buildings, seem ever to increase. It has on the whole been a favourable season, qua weather, and although profits may not be expected for John Christie Ltd. for another year or so, the fine house plays to capacity nightly, or appears to do so. The garden grows in beauty also, the Downs for ever ring the changes on their natural beauties, and Mozart is the man for the setting. Inside the house, and in the grounds during the long dinner interval of 1½ hours, the setting is perfect and the comfort and beauty all that music lovers and persons of taste could desire. And of all Mozart's operas his light and light-hearted *Entführung* best suits the characteristics of Glyndebourne which shares with Stratford-on-Avon the honours for the nearest approach to the German ideal of opera and drama in settings where art and nature combine to delight. This gay and lovely opera, so well known in Germany and Austria, is quite new to Britain and won instant approval with Busch conducting and Carl Ebert, the producer, in the cast. If it is a male voice opera, the charms of Irma Beilke as Blonde and the vocal excellence of Julia Moor as Constanze in the chief female role stood prominently forth.

LORD'S AND WIMBLEDON.—Reputations crashed on the green turf of Wimbledon and Lord's during our sporting carnival. The English cricket XI preserved in the first Test Match its reputation for schoolboy nerves. When England is called on for a test it opens the rabbit-hutch door and sometimes forgets to close it until too late. But Gimblett is the man for my money. He gets over the ball, plays with an appearance of impenetrable defence, yet takes the risks of the Trumper school

and can hit like a kicking horse. He runs between wickets like a greyhound and I like his face and figure and all about him. Gimblett is my No. 1 for Australia. Lord's week opened in rather dingy conditions. I will speak of it next week. As a fashion fixture, the 'Varsity match is down and out and even the country parsons caught the depression. None of our much advertised women stars remained to shine in the semi-finals at Wimbledon. These were fought out between Poland, Denmark, France and U.S.A.—a very healthy ringing of the changes. Perry and a stouter-than-usual and very brilliant Austin kept England alive to the semi-finals of the men's singles, and Perry survived to fight out the championship for England, and to win it all too easily from a crippled von Cramm. A pity, for this final should be fireworks all the time.

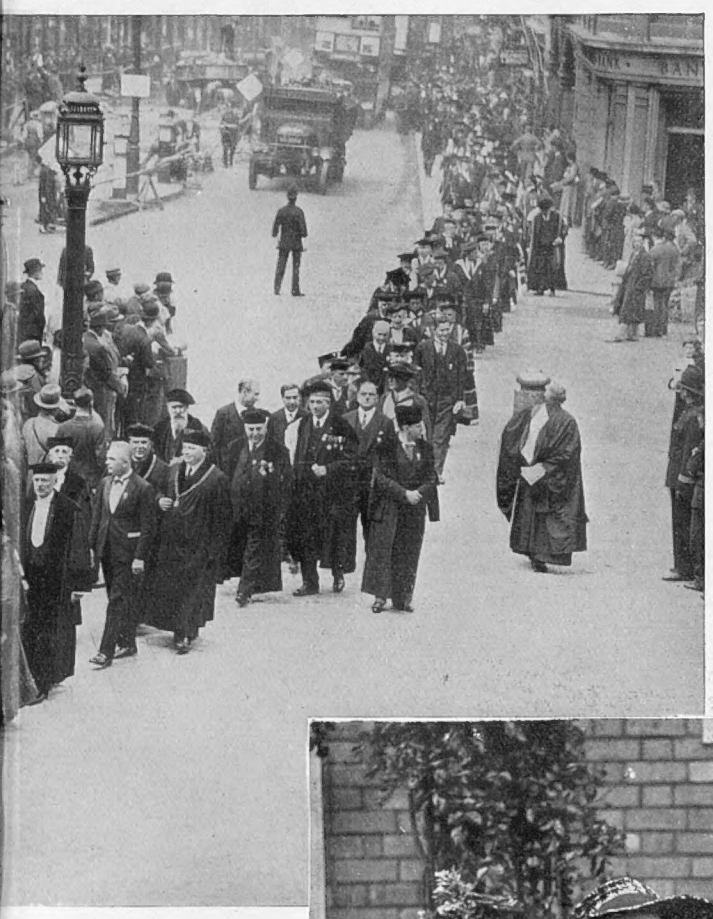
STINKOMALEE—A CENTENARY.—London University has been enjoying notably its notable centenary. Thomas Creevey, writing to Miss Ord in 1827, reviewed his own rather sketchy educational stages in these words: "I begin with my first entrance into life at Hackney [at Newcome's once famous private-public school], and then through my academical residence among all the Royal Male and Female Founders of Colleges at Cambridge to whom I am passionately attached with all their sins, and in defiance of Bruffam and the enlightened moderns who are now founding Stinkomalee College at the end of Gower Street in London." Such was the "liberal" view taken by a Whig protagonist or placeman a century ago of the founding of a new seat of knowledge for London. "Stinkomalee" was Theodore Hook's name for the new University, and it gives the tone to the opinion of better educated men than Creevey. Brougham was largely responsible, by his writing, energy, and influence, for the foundation, as was Joseph Hume and the poet Thomas Campbell. The present centenary marks the dissociation in 1836 of the University of London from University College. "Stinkomalee" has gone a long way in a century on the broadening tide of public opinion.

LORD TYRRELL ON FILM TENDENCIES.—Lord Tyrrell made some interesting remarks on his plans and duties as Film Censor when he addressed his "constituents" recently—the Exhibitors' Association—at Eastbourne. First, he announced that he was moving his office from Wardour Street (which is Film-town) to Carlisle House nearby, off Soho Square, which Wren built among green spaces for the first Earl of Carlisle. This interesting house, saved by a new and sometimes flashy industry, retains many of its seventeenth-century features; Chinese and oak rooms, both wonderful examples of internal decoration, and a fine staircase, are there still and will be preserved, and the splendid iron-work of the period will remain outside. Dickens "immortalised" Carlisle House, which fell into disrepute when Soho ceased to be fashionable, by lodging his Dr. Manette there. Already, modern offices and a show theatre are being tactfully planned in the old house. The censor gave his "boys" some wholesome warnings, and many interesting statistics emerged. Just under 20,000,000 souls attend British cinemas every week. The cinema caters for 1,030,000,000 Britons every year. The figure could by shrewd advertisement and wise catering exceed 2,000,000,000. Gosh! A censor *is* needed. One *does* hear with relief that "horrific" films featuring murder, sadism, operations, unhealthy psychology and so forth, have killed themselves by public disgust. One is thankful for Lord Tyrrell's grave warning that those film-producers who, ever searching for new sensations to catch the public, have begun to insinuate political and religious controversy, must take heed or they will find their labours blacked out by an official stamp. That is right. The film in Britain is not as the film in Latin countries. We mean to keep it, like broadcasting, as decent as we can. As for religious matter, it has always been, even in calm Britain, a cause of intense controversy, and to-day politics also are coming back as a burning question in British homes. There is no doubt in my mind that taste, decency, technical excellence and truth, are the money-makers in Wardour Street to-day, and permanent dividends are not to be hoped for from stunts, sadism, controversies, or beastliness. It pays to be good even in filmland, which is a crowning mercy since film influence is so tremendous a force. And the industry is set on reforming its own admitted evils of which the worst is undoubtedly the redundant film theatre. From this unchecked evil has sprung the high price of renting the product, and that fatal demand from redundant theatres which has forced a worthless quota on every house and encouraged the making of cheap and nasty stuff. There is some likelihood that a Government tribunal will be set up to check redundancy and regulate licences.

FLIGHTING WOODCOCK.—One of the most delightful features of these summer days has been for me the magic hour after dinner when, sitting out on a terrace above a wooded combe, with a wide view across the valley of the Rother to Harting Beacon, I have watched the colour slowly fading from the sky, and the shadow-dimples on the Downs shallowing once more into opalescent dimness. At this hour, in these still unspoilt nature sanctuaries, bird life is very interesting. Not to mention again White's thrush, we have seen this year both cross-bills (in considerable numbers) and a nutcracker. It is also a great place for woodcock and roe deer. The woodcock never fail punctually to appear, flying high over the garden in the combe, circling round, uttering their peculiar croak, their flight in no way resembling their winter methods. Indeed, they are more like giant bats engaged in apparently aimless circlings, And as darkness closes in the night-jars close in also, and their prolonged and constant calls are like nothing so much as a dozen salmon-fishers reeling up their lines after a day's fishing. The cuckoo is also very prominent and acting in eccentric fashion. In May he was calling his June double call. Now in July his call is persistently single. There are worse ways of spending a hot evening in July.

VOTES! A VOICE FROM HANTS.—Hampshire joins its voice to Norfolk on the subject of "Missing Maids." "The Minister of Labour must have an excellent excuse (for not forcing English girls to take up domestic service) for it would not look too well if he spoke the *truth*, which would be: 'We cannot force these girls into domestic service, as we know we ought to do, because we should lose our *votes* at the next election.' *Votes*, Mr. Old Stager, the greatest and most malevolent autocracy the world has ever known. Why cannot bicyclists be segregated on the roads? *Votes*. Why cannot the Dole be properly administered? *Votes*. Why do we have to listen to Socialist cranks and their drivel about peace and sanctions? *Votes*. Why in our State-paid schools do we have to suffer teachers who are 80 per cent. Socialists? *Votes*." The voice of Hampshire is clearly a Tory voice. At any rate it has no love for our great and good and glorious democracy.

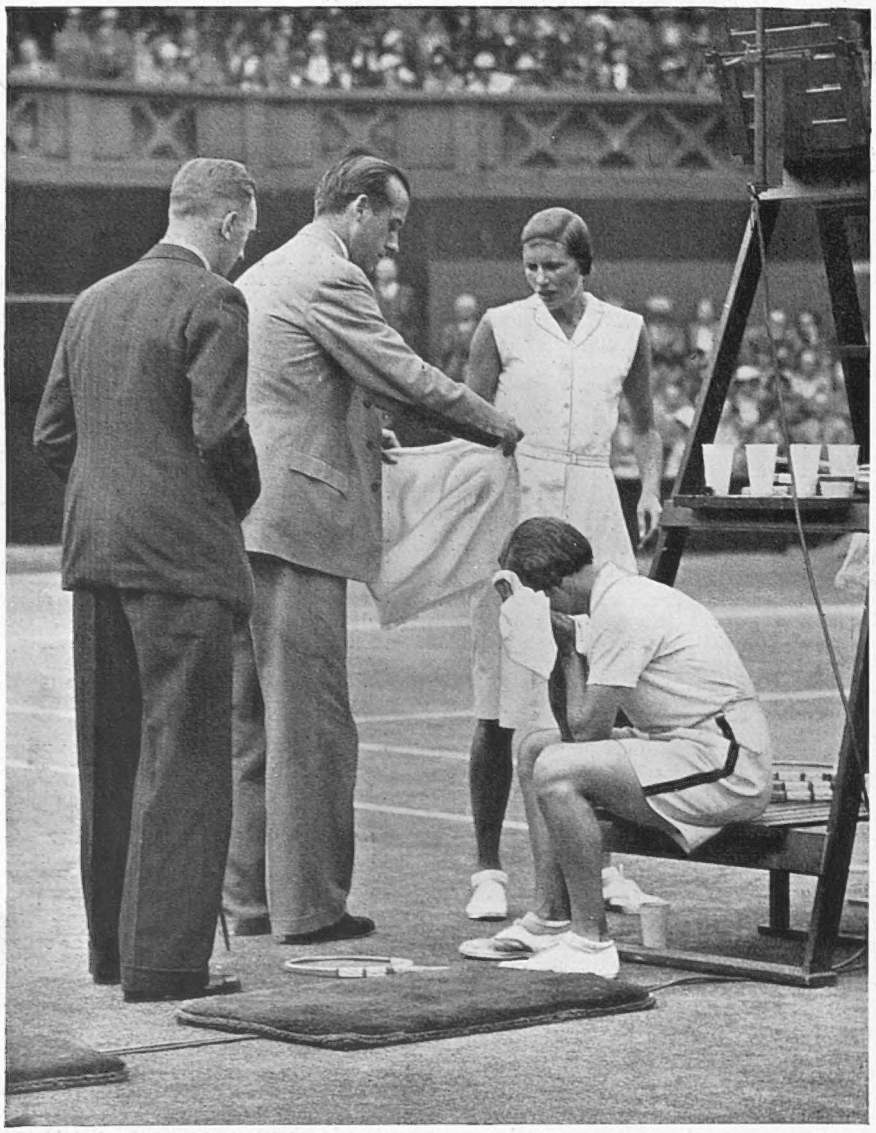
THE OLD STAGER.



A HUNDRED YEARS OF HIGH ENDEAVOUR: Delegates from sister universities and other learned bodies arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral for the thanksgiving service held to celebrate the Centenary of London University, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. Afterwards a reception and luncheon were given by the City Corporation at Guildhall

ENJOYING A WELL EARNED REST: Sir Sydney Barton, British Minister in Addis Ababa and personal friend of Emperor Haile Selassie, pictured with Lady Barton in the grounds of Cliffs End Hall, near Ramsgate, the home of Lieut.-Colonel Sir G. A. M'Laren Sceales, where they have been staying since their return from Abyssinia last week. Sir Sydney, who was responsible for the safety of so many Europeans during the recent riots, has held his present post for seven years and has served for the past two years without a break, his leave having to be cancelled in 1935 owing to the start of hostilities. Of recent months he has been affected by the altitude

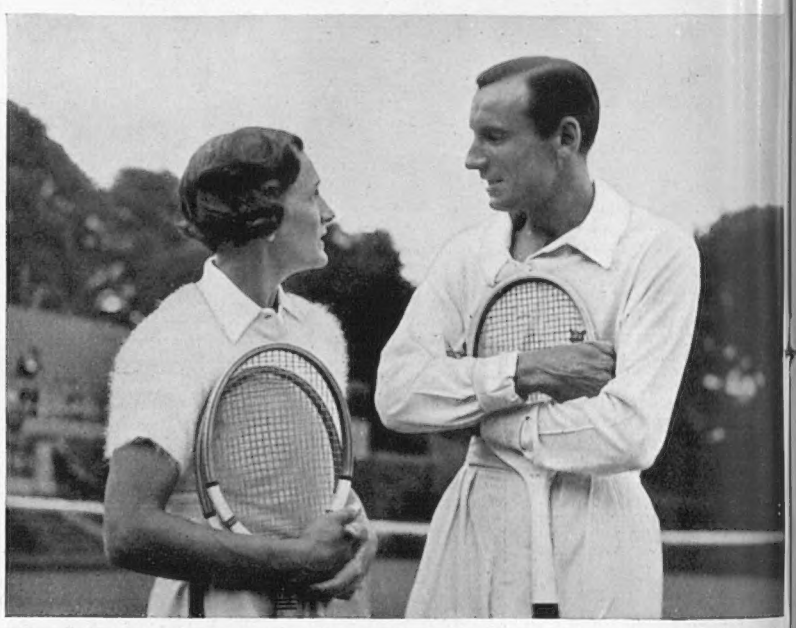
ENGLISH KALEIDOSCOPE



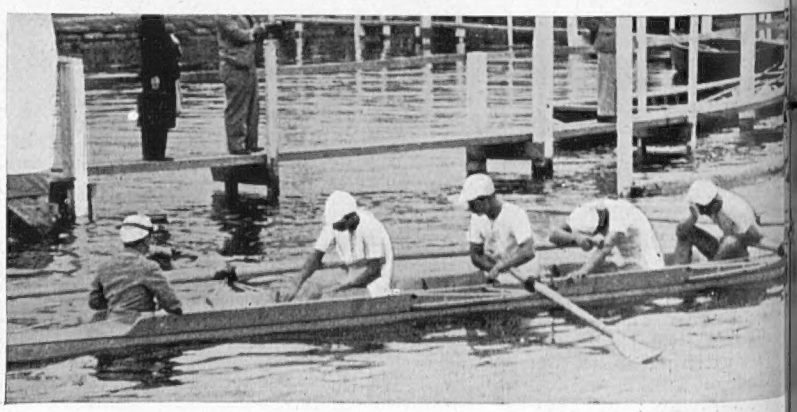
THE END OF A MIGHTY DUEL: Miss Helen Jacobs sitting exhausted at the foot of the umpire's ladder, and Fru Sperling being helped on with her jacket by her husband following last Saturday's Women's Singles Final at Wimbledon, which the Californian girl won by the narrow margin of 6—2, 4—6, 7—5, thus at last achieving her life's ambition. Miss Jacobs had previously been defeated in four finals—in 1935, being foiled after actually reaching match point against Mrs. Moody, but this time she was not to be denied, and, matching her own powers of endurance with those of her consistent Danish opponent, she managed to prevail. She is now enjoying a rest from competitive tennis

TENNIS FOR CHARITY: H. W. Austin, (with his new-style racquets) and his wife, Phyllis Konstam, who is at present appearing in *Miss Smith* at the Duke of York's, pictured with a young programme seller at Lady Crosfield's annual tennis party held at her Highgate home in aid of the North Islington Welfare Centre. Quite a number of the leading Wimbledon lights took part in the exhibition matches, and they were watched by a distinguished company of guests

FLOATING GRANDSTANDS: Henley rather than Wimbledon drew the fashionable crowds last week, and this picture gives some idea of the brilliance of the scene during Saturday's finals in which, sad to relate, no fewer than four trophies went abroad, the Zurich Club, led by the three brothers Homberger, enhancing their reputation by taking three of them

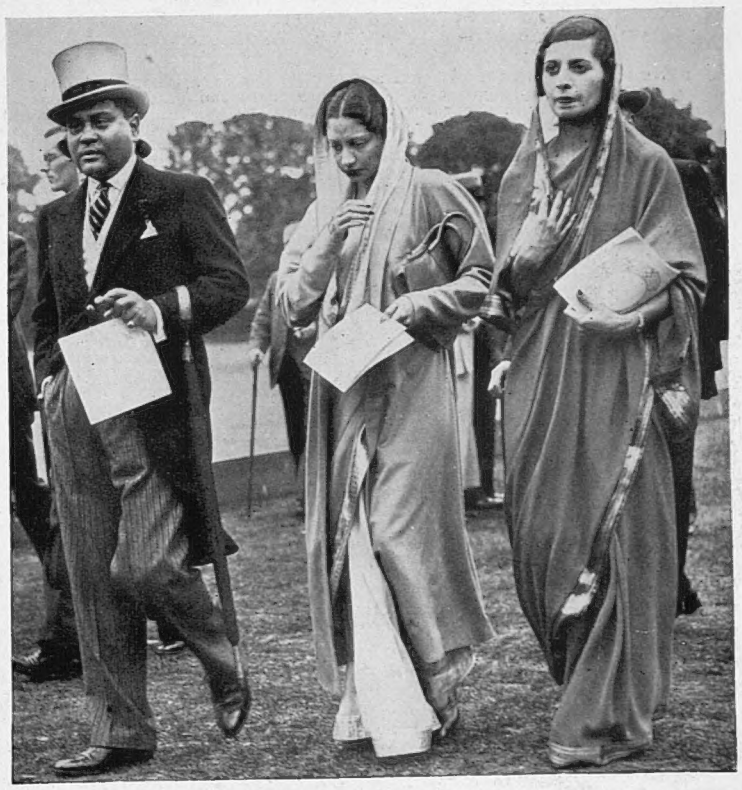


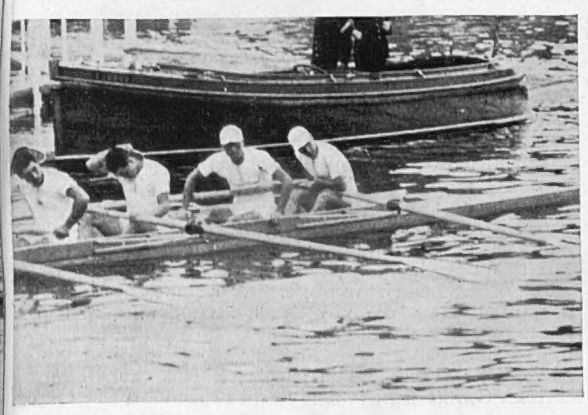
THE TWO CHAMPIONS: Miss Helen Jacobs and Fred Perry in conversation at Lady Crosfield's charity tennis party. Both of them were at the top of their form at Wimbledon this year, but it was generally regretted that the injury to Von Cramm robbed the Men's Singles Final of much of its interest, giving the holder a virtual walk over. Perry himself was keenly disappointed



ROWED OUT: The Tokyo University eight, winners of the Marlow Grand Challenge expected, lying over their oars after being beaten by eight lengths by Zurich Japanese put up a good performance, not for a moment becoming ragged, but style. It is possible that they will regain their form in time for the Olympic of their European tour. Their methods are highly unorthodox and their

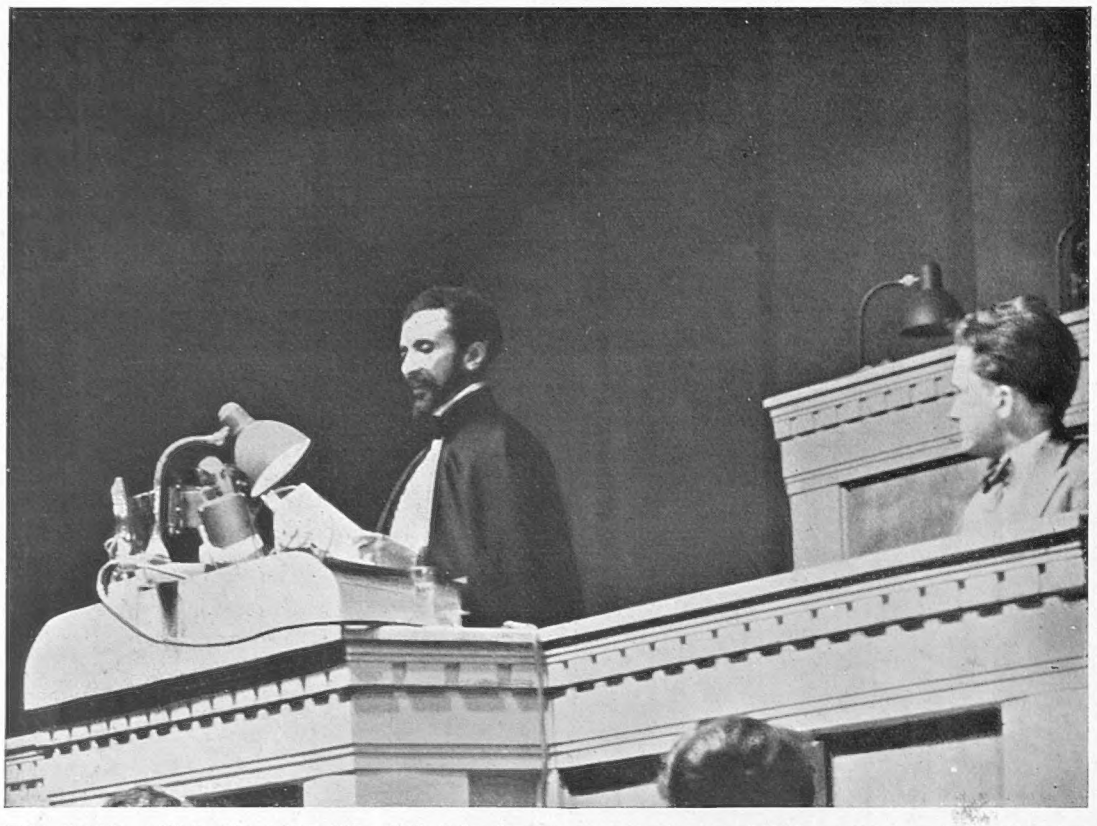
THE TEA-TIME PARADE AT LORD'S where Oxford and Cambridge met this week before the more fashionable Eton v. Harrow encounter. On the opening day the light blues by steady play built up a formidable total, scoring 432 for nine wickets (a record) against a team weakened by injury. Curiously enough no one made a century in this innings, but R. P. Nelson and N. W. D. Yardley both reached the 90's. *On right*—Prince and Princess Bishnu, of Nepal, with Miss Batlivala at the 12th annual Indian Empire and Eastern Garden Party at Hurlingham





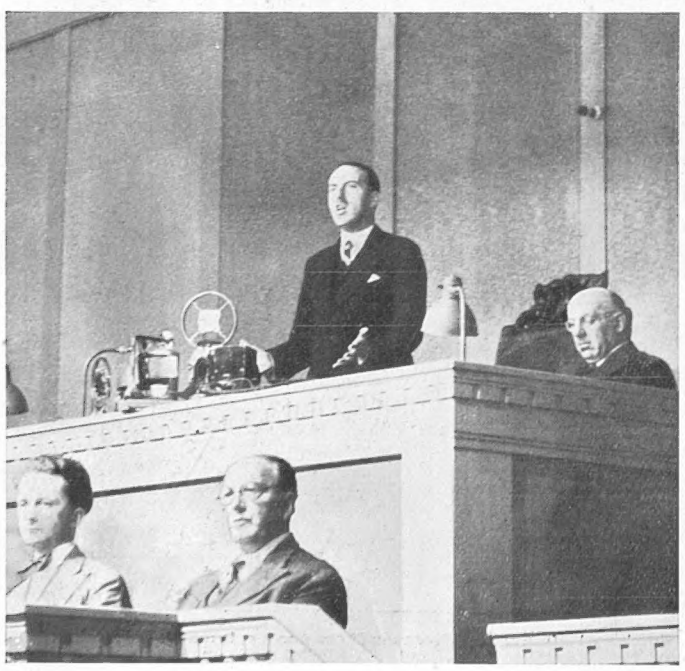
Cup earlier in the season and of whom great things were R.C. in heat 6 of the Henley Grand Challenge Cup. The were taken right out of their pace by a crew of impeccable Games, the winning of an event at which is the main purpose rate of striking often averages over fifty to the minute

ON HURLINGHAM'S SHADY LAWNS: The Indian Empire Garden Party in progress in the grounds of the famous Club; a function attended by the Duchess of Gloucester, the Secretary for India (the Marquess of Zetland), the Saudi-Arabian Minister, the Nepalese Minister, a number of Indian rulers, and about 8,000 other guests, including 2,800 disabled ex-servicemen, Chelsea pensioners, and schoolchildren. During the afternoon there was a polo match for the Indian Princes' Challenge Shield between an Indian team (represented by Captain H. C. Walford, Captain D. Dawnay, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, and the Maharaja of Jaipur) and a team with the grandiose title of *The World* (Mr. P. S. K. Ashton, Mr. J. P. Mills, Mr. Winston Guest, and Mr. R. R. Ashton). The first named side won and the Duchess of Gloucester presented the trophy and miniature cups



THE NEGUS MAKES HIS LAST BID: Haile Selassie addressing the League of Nations at Geneva last week, when he attributed the conquest of his country to poison gas, pointed out that the rights of small States and collective security in general were threatened by the Italian success, and again claimed "that justice which is due to my people and the assistance promised to it eight months ago when fifty nations asserted that an act of aggression was committed." His plea was without avail, and later the Assembly not only rejected his request for a £10,000,000 war loan but decided that sanctions should be raised. During the Emperor's speech whistling and cat-calls were heard from the part of the Press gallery allotted to Italian journalists

AT THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY: *Left*—Haile Selassie seated among the delegates. *Right*—Professor Jeze, French adviser to the Emperor, and Ras Nasibu, C.-in-C. of the Southern Armies during the war, leaving after a session



GENEVA PERSONALITIES: *Left*—M. Van Zeeland, the Belgian Premier, who has just been elected Chairman of the Assembly. *Right*—Dr. Greiser, Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, who delivered a violent attack on the League régime and on Mr. Lester, the League High Commissioner in Danzig, whose removal he demanded in the most emphatic terms. When leaving the Chamber he put his thumb to his nose in an offensive gesture; an action for which he was later firmly rebuked by Mr. Eden. The German Press did not report the incident

FRANCE'S FINANCES

— *and Ours*

DURING the past few weeks France has been passing through a financial crisis from which she is not yet wholly clear. For some days the franc rocked precariously on its golden pedestal and there was a rush of merchants, speculators, and ordinary bourgeois savers to change their securities and notes into gold, while others preferred the Notes of capitalist Britain to the currency of Socialist France. The extent of the demand for gold, which has gone to be added to that already hoarded in safe deposits, British and American banks, and in hiding places in private houses, may be judged from the decline in the gold reserve in the vaults of the Bank of France.

A loss of gold reserves of nearly 17,000,000,000 francs in a year, and of over 3,000,000,000 francs in less than a month, has naturally caused perturbation in the minds of those responsible for the stability of France's currency, and particularly those faced with the anxiety of making the Budget work. In order to get some sort of picture of the problem facing them and some sort of estimate of the task that lies before the Blum Government it is perhaps best to consider a few basic figures side by side with those of our own national finances. The comparison cannot be entirely accurate because the French Budget was "reformed" in December last and because of the variations in the rate of exchange. It is, however, instructive.

The following table gives the basic figures, which are the estimates for the current year :—

	France	Britain
	£	£
Revenue - - -	539,331,000	798,381,000
Expenditure - -	539,170,000	797,897,000
Estimated surplus	161,000	484,000

At first sight the French figures seem fairly satisfactory, when it is remembered that France is neither so highly industrialised nor so prosperous as Britain, and that while our small investors have some £3,000,000,000 in Savings Certificates, the Post Office, Trustee Savings Banks, and the like, the estimated amount of French hoarded money, i.e., hidden away or deposited abroad, is no less than the colossal total of £8,000,000,000. In reality, however, there is very far from being a real surplus. The report of the Finance Committee on the French Budget showed that during the last four years reductions in expenditure totalling £80,000,000 were offset by new items of expenditure totalling £40,000,000 and a fall in revenue of £106,000,000. Thus, while the French Budget may be balanced in theory, there is a deficit of some £66,000,000.

Nor is that the whole story. As the new Minister of Finance showed in his general statement to the Chamber of Deputies on the financial position of the country on June 19, the French Government was authorised to issue £303,000,000 worth of Treasury Bonds during 1936. On June 15 the margin in hand was only £11,000,000, and of the £292,000,000 worth of bonds in circulation £186,000,000 had been discounted by the Bank of France. In other words, the Bank had really advanced the money to the Government when the public would not do so. During the last Government the Public Debt had not only increased but changed in character. The Permanent Debt fell by £586,000,000, but the Redeemable Debt increased by £1,000,000,000. On June 19 the Medium and Short-termed Debt stood at £433,000,000, the Floating Debt at £880,000,000, and there must also be taken into consideration £113,000,000 worth of bonds issued for the postal and other services. This gives a total of £1,426,000,000.

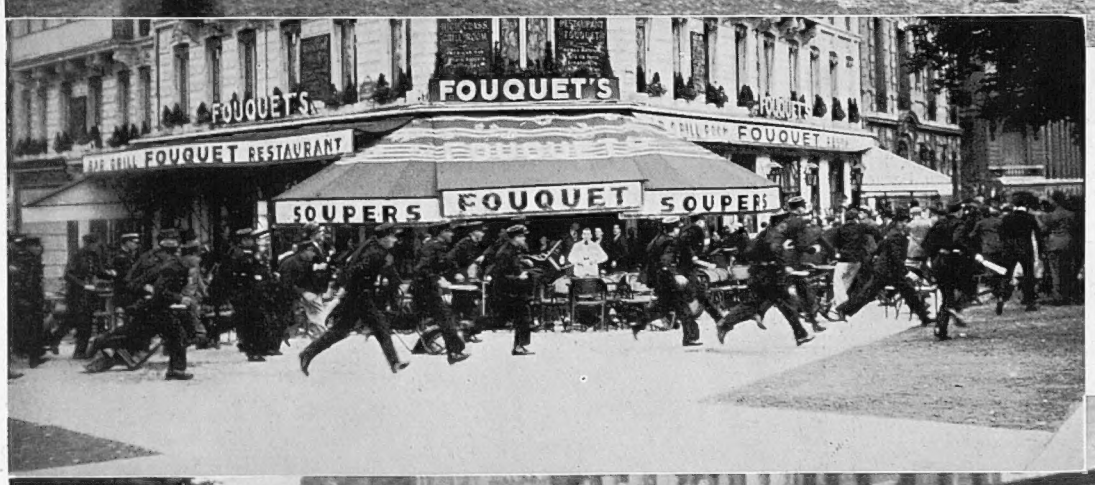
Again to make comparison with Britain, we have not recently suffered such an increase in our National Debt, and in recent years steps have been taken to reduce it by means of the Conversion Loan and the Sinking Fund. The Treasury has no difficulty in placing bonds in the market and getting the money for running the country in the periods in which expenditure exceeds revenue. It is true that our National Debt stands at the colossal total of about £7,902,000,000, but for reasons that cannot be dealt with here because of limitations of space this figure is not comparable with France's debt. It must suffice to say that the debt is of a different character, if only because our small savers invest while millions of French families hoard.

It is this hoarding that is the basic factor in France's present financial troubles. Ever since the franc crashed after the war small investors in France have had an instinctive mistrust of paper money and have tucked away their savings in gold or in securities abroad. The problem facing the new French Government is really that of restoring confidence in the stability of the franc and of persuading the French people that it is better to invest their money in Government Bonds than to keep it lying idle under the hearthstone at home.

J. Baker White

POLICE and FASCIST SUPPORTERS HURT in PARIS STREET BATTLE

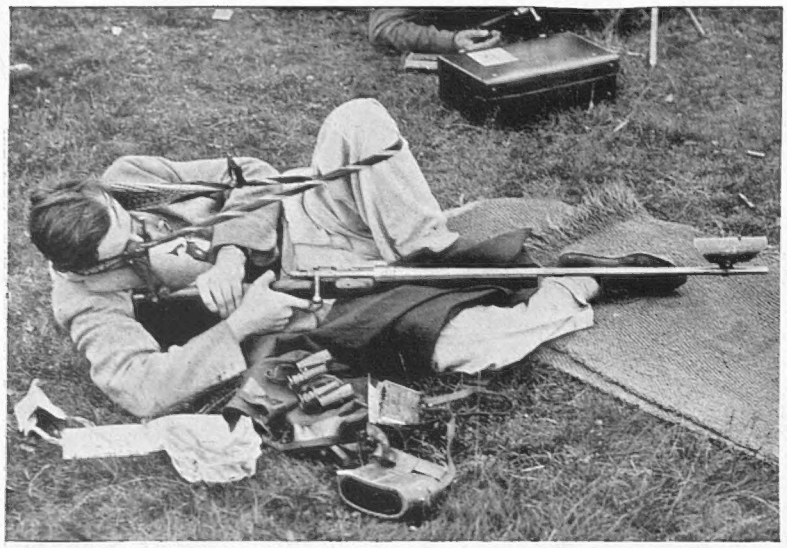
Hand to Hand Fighting in the Champs Elysées: Café Furniture and Crockery Used as Missiles by the Demonstrators

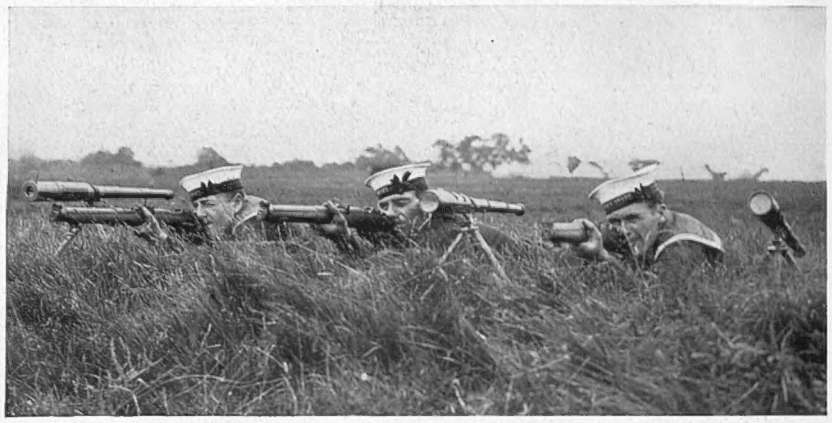


FAST AND FURIOUS: Members of the semi-Fascist organisation, known as the Croix de Feu, recently ordered to be dissolved by M. Blum's Socialist-Radical government, bombarding the police with café chairs, fragments of tables, glasses, and other missiles during last Sunday's outbreak of street fighting in the Champs Elysées which resulted in no fewer than thirty-one policemen being injured with varying degrees of severity and in countless casualties among their opponents. The battle raged for over an hour-and-a-half, and at first went in favour of the Fascists who swept down the Avenue, easily brushing aside the first cordons of mobile guards and only being checked with the arrival of strong reinforcements which are seen in the picture on the left making a successful baton charge. There were about sixteen arrests

NO QUARTER: While one policeman boldly enters the fray, a colleague sprawls dazedly on the pavement after being hit by a chair hurled from the neighbouring café. Another aspect of the street battle, the cause of which has been explained as follows: It appears that on almost every day of the year members of various associations take it in turn to re-kindle the flame over the Unknown Soldier's Grave at the Arc de Triomphe, and that it was originally arranged that the Croix de Feu should perform the ceremony last Sunday. These arrangements were cancelled at the eleventh hour, however, as orders had been issued for the Fascist movement to be dissolved, but none the less many of Colonel de la Rocque's followers turned up and later showed their resentment by demonstrating against the Government. The result was a violent clash with the police, which but for energetic counter measures might have ended even more seriously

Mainly Personal

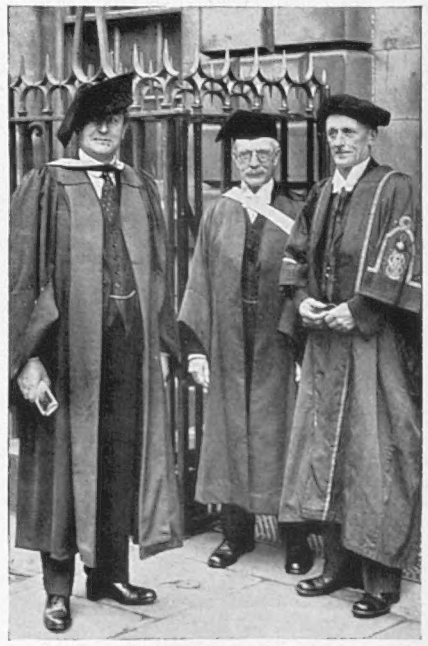




BISLEY OPENS: *Above*—In order to obtain an easy position when shooting for the Whitehead Memorial Cup, Mr. L. Coore made a sling of his necktie and scarf, using it to keep his left leg in position. *Right*—Men from H.M.S. *Drake* firing in the Queen Mary's prize, the chief event on the opening day of the annual meeting, the seventy-third to be held by the National Rifle Association. More than fifty major competitions and a large number of smaller ones find a place in the programme, the total prize money for which is £10,000. One earnest statistician has computed that during Bisley fortnight about 500,000 rounds are fired

FILMY FROCKS AT A WESTMINSTER WEDDING: Mrs. Alan Sainsbury, the Misses Barbara and Ruth Sadler, Miss Raymonde Heygate, Miss Maribel Rough, Miss Patsy Harvey, Miss Margaret Morris, Miss Barbara Mead, and Miss Pamela Hunter—whose dresses were of blue organza over pink satin—were the attendants at the St. Margaret's marriage of Mr. Alec Adams and Miss M. Legh-Jones

JULY BRIDE: Miss Legh-Jones, whose marriage to Mr. Alec Desmond Adams was attended by many notabilities, including Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted and Sir Charles and Lady Barrie



SUMMER GRADUATION AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: The Marquess of Lothian C.H. (left), with Dr. Pollock and Professor Mackintosh, after receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws

FIRST NIGHTERS: Dorothy Hyson and her husband, Robert Douglas, with Edith Morgan and Mr. McCadie at the opening performance at the Arts Theatre of *Rich Man—Poor Man* by John Gliddon and G. K. Alan. The last name conceals the identity of H. W. Austin, of tennis fame. *On left*—The Lord Mayor of London (Sir Percy Vincent) sending a message to the Mayor of Vancouver from the Western Union offices. He was using the new 6,000-mile telegraph and cable link between the two cities

THE DUKE OF KENT IN HOLLAND: A composite showing His Royal Highness making a tour of the Municipal Galleries, Amsterdam, after opening the Exhibition of British Art and (on right), the Burgomaster delivering his speech. This display, which is to remain open until September, has been made possible through the revision of the law that pictures belonging to the nation must not leave the country, and it is therefore of particular significance and in a measure returns the compliment of the Dutch who some years ago sent over such a representative collection of national art works for a Royal Academy winter show. The Duke delighted a big crowd at the inaugural ceremony by beginning and ending his address in Dutch. During his stay he was the guest of H.M. Queen Wilhelmina

EUROPE'S HIGHEST HIGHWAY

The New Motor Road from Granada Across the Snow-Clad Sierra Nevada

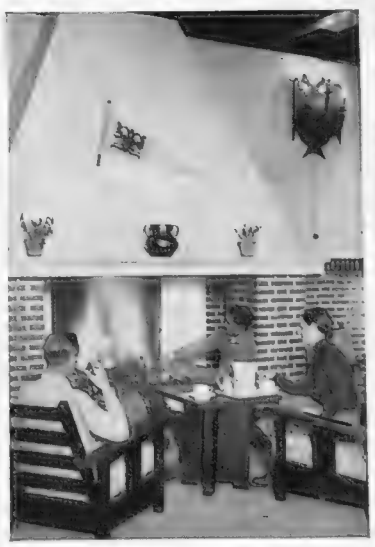
TELLING THE WORLD: This notice board is posted at the Granada end of the new highway which has been constructed across the Sierra Nevada, Southern Spain, and which at one point on its winding course reaches an altitude of 10,000 ft. The sign bears the words, "Highest Practicable Road of Europe," written in four languages

AMID THE ETERNAL SNOWS: A car ascending the highway near the summit of the Mulhacen, the highest point in the Sierras and incidentally a fine ski-ing ground. The surface of the road leaves a great deal to be desired, and the negotiation of the tortuous bends calls for more than ordinary care on the part of drivers

KEEPING THE ROUTE CLEAR: The snow plough, a powerfully-engined machine that is in constant use in mid-winter. It is capable of dealing with drifts many feet deep

DIZZY DEPTHS: Looking into a valley after climbing part of the way up the Sierra Nevada road from which magnificent views are obtainable on clear days, the traveller sometimes being able to see the fertile plains of Andalusia on one side and the waters of the Mediterranean on the other

8,000 FT. UP: A motorist halting for a few moments near an altitude post



THE GUEST HOUSE: The lounge (*left*) and a glimpse through a window (*right*) of the hostel which has been built near the top of the road and which is achieving immense popularity with winter sports enthusiasts

b

Toll of the Road in the U.S.

An Average of Over 100 Deaths a Day

NEW York City traffic is probably better regulated than that in any other American city. The common opinion is that the worst-regulated traffic is in Boston, Massachusetts; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Los Angeles California.

Pedestrians, motorists, and manufacturers share in the responsibility for the hazards created. Pedestrians and motorists either fail or refuse to obey the law. In an effort to sell cars, manufacturers are charged with selling cars that are less and less safe to operate. Speed capacity is said to be raised above braking-power. The new V-shaped windshields and the new arrangement of seats, reduce visibility. Manufacturers are saying a great deal about steel stops; but when the stops are supported by wood they offer little protection.

Corruption of public officials is another item. It is not very difficult for a citizen of influence, either because of his money or his political connections, to escape prosecution for traffic violations. Judges who are candidates to succeed themselves, or who are running for some other office are likely to impose negligible fines or to dismiss cases altogether.

During 1935, there were 826,690 motor car accidents in the United States, in which 36,100 people were killed, and 895,280 people were injured. This was at the rate of 101 deaths and 2,455 injuries a day. Of this number of accidents, 297,610 (36 per cent.) involved pedestrians; 374,490 (45·3 per cent.) collisions with other motor cars; 4,960 (·6 per cent.) collisions with horse-drawn vehicles; 4,960 (·6 per cent.) collisions with railroad trains; 13,230 (1·6 per cent.) collisions with street-cars; 8,270 (1 per cent.) collisions with other vehicles; 53,730 (6·5 per cent.) collisions with fixed objects; 19,840 (2·4 per cent.) collisions with bicycles; 47,120 (5·7 per cent.) involved no collision; and 2,480 (·3 per cent.) are roughly grouped as "miscellaneous."

A total of 16,030 pedestrians were killed, and 276,640 were injured. This was at the rate of forty-four deaths and 758 injuries daily. In collisions with other motor cars, 8,900 people were killed; 450,320 injured. This was at the rate of twenty-four deaths and 1,234 injuries a day.

In collisions with horse-drawn vehicles, 140 were killed, and 4,480 people were injured; with railroad trains, 1,440 were killed, and 4,480 were injured; with street-cars, 310 killed, and 11,640 injured; with other types of vehicles, 250 killed, and 8,060 injured; with fixed objects, 4,080 killed, and 64,460 injured; with bicycles, 580 killed, and 17,910 injured; in accidents involving no collison, 4,290 killed, and 53,720 injured; while miscellaneous accidents accounted for eighty killed and 2,680 injured.

ORDERLY FIFTH AVENUE: An overhead view of the afternoon stream of cars on New York's famous thoroughfare. Traffic is better regulated there than in any other city of the United States says Nelson Springer, author of the accompanying article

Fast driving accounted for 121,460 accidents, killing 7,240 and injuring 161,550; driving on the wrong side of the road, for 85,770 accidents, killing 3,940 and injuring 111,460; driving without having the right of way, for 135,840 accidents, killing 3,580 and injuring 191,880; "cutting in," for 17,580 accidents, killing 420 and injuring 23,980; runaway cars without drivers, 3,200 accidents, killing 280, and injuring 4,230; passing street cars that were standing still, for 2,130 accidents, killing 70 and injuring 2,820; failure to signal and improper signaling, for 27,700 accidents, killing 260 and injuring 35,980; passing another car on a curve or a hill, for 8,520 accidents, killing 400 and injuring 11,290; passing another car on the wrong side, for 2,130 accidents, killing 50 and injuring 2,820; driving off the roadway, for 55,490 accidents, killing 3,390 and injuring 64,190; general reckless driving, for 51,670 accidents, killing 3,020 and injuring 67,020; and miscellaneous violations, for 20,780 accidents, killing 920 and injuring 28,220.

A total of 210 pedestrians who obeyed traffic signals were killed nevertheless, and 10,780 more law-abiding pedestrians were injured, in 10,990 accidents; but 1,070 pedestrians who disobeyed the law were killed, and 35,130 were injured in 36,200 accidents. Pedestrians crossing a street without any signal accounted for 37,280 accidents, killing 1,870 and injuring 35,410; pedestrians crossing street intersections diagonally, for 5,350 accidents, killing 370 and injuring 4,980; crossing a street in the middle of a block, for 78,100 accidents, killing 4,550 and injuring 73,550; pedestrians waiting for, entering, or leaving a street-car, for 3,210 accidents, killing 80 and injuring 3,130; pedestrians standing in safety zones, for 1,210 accidents, killing 100 and injuring 1,100; entering the street from behind a parked car, for 34,340 accidents, killing 1,140 and injuring 33,200; children playing in the street, for 45,850 accidents, killing 1,600 and injuring 44,250.

A total of 1,520 children up to four years of age were killed and 34,020 were injured; and 3,210 children from the ages of five to fifteen were killed, while 138,770 were injured. This makes a total of 4,730 children killed and 172,790 injured during the one year of 1935.

A total of 12,530 victims sustained fractured skulls; 1,790, fractured spines; 74,310, other fractures; and 14,320, concussion of the brain.

Nelson Springer

AT LONDON'S LATEST FLYING FIELD: Passengers alighting from a 'plane at Gatwick, the new airport recently opened by Lord Swinton. On the left is the telescopic tunnel through which travellers walk direct to the Customs office

Noiselessness in Air Travel

The Genesis of Scientific Sound-proofing

MANY a traveller by air has found the noise in the cabins of air liners almost intolerable, and has finished his journey with a bad headache and the fixed resolution never to travel by air again. In America, as the result of complaints, circulars were sent out in order to find out how air travellers felt on the subject of noise. It had been discovered from air-line passenger lists that between 70 per cent. and 80 per cent. of air-line passengers went by air only once. Air transport companies wanted to know why. Of those who replied to the circulars, 85 per cent. said that aeroplanes were too uncomfortable and noisy to be regarded as a normal means of transport. An attempt to alter this state of affairs was the genesis of scientific sound-proofing, but, although a great deal has been done, a vast amount remains to be learnt about the subject.

With the improvement in the general performance of commercial aircraft air transport operators can afford to face the extra weight which sound-proofing entails, and there has come a general realisation that the problem must be tackled actively and scientifically. In this respect more has been done in America than in Europe although the big Handley Page air liners which have been in service with Imperial Airways for some years set a new standard of cabin quietness which even to-day is difficult to beat.

Engine noise is only part of the problem. More important from the passengers' point of view is the matter of making the cabin sound-proof and non-resonant. Hitherto most machines have been designed and built before the sound question was tackled. This is bad practice and the sound-proofing expert should be consulted at the very inception of the design if noise is to be successfully vanquished.

Exhaust noise from the engine is by no means the most important factor. Leading American opinion considers that exhaust silencers are of little value but engine mountings which may transmit vibrations and so turn the whole machine into a huge sounding board are a serious source of noise and therefore engines should be flexibly mounted. If the exhaust pipes can be led away so that the wings are between them and the cabin a considerable amount of noise will be cut off.

The intensity of sound is expressed as a number of decibels. An audiometer is used in the cabin to measure the effect of sound reduction precautions. An increase or decrease of one decibel is practically the smallest change in loudness which the human ear can detect.

Airscrews are responsible for a great deal of the noise. If the engines are so placed that the tips of the airscrews are within 3 or 4 ins. of the fuselage they set up vibrations in the cabin walls which naturally increase the noise inside. To avoid this the airscrew tips should clear the fuselage by at least 12 ins.

Their speed of rotation is very important. When the speed of the airscrew tips rises above 800–825 ft. per second there is a very sharp increase in the noise they cause. This indicates that when machines are cruising airscrew tip speeds should be kept below this level and that geared-down engines driving slow-running airscrews are highly desirable. Four-bladed screws such as are used on the big Imperial Airways liners are quieter than two-bladers. The noise is greatest in the plane of the airscrews so that baggage compartments and lavatories, not passenger seating, should be placed in that position in the fuselage.

It has been discovered that noise decreases with height. A noise level of 73 decibels at ground level was found in a test to decrease steadily to 60 decibels at 20,000 ft. On the other hand noise increases with speed and from a reading of 64 decibels at 125 m.p.h. it rose to 76 decibels at 215 m.p.h.

The problem of treating the interior of the cabin for noise is governed by the weight which can be spared for sound-proofing. The allowance for the big Pan American Airways flying boat China Clipper was only 600 lbs. Doors, chairs, luggage racks etc. have to be insulated against vibration by rubber or other suitable material. The floor must be rigid and covered with as heavy a carpet as possible with special underfelt. The cabin walls are covered with upholstery, leather is particularly suitable, and the space between it and the outer skin of the fuselage is packed with special sound-proofing material akin to kapok. Everything in the cabin furnishings should be as soft and sound absorbing as possible.

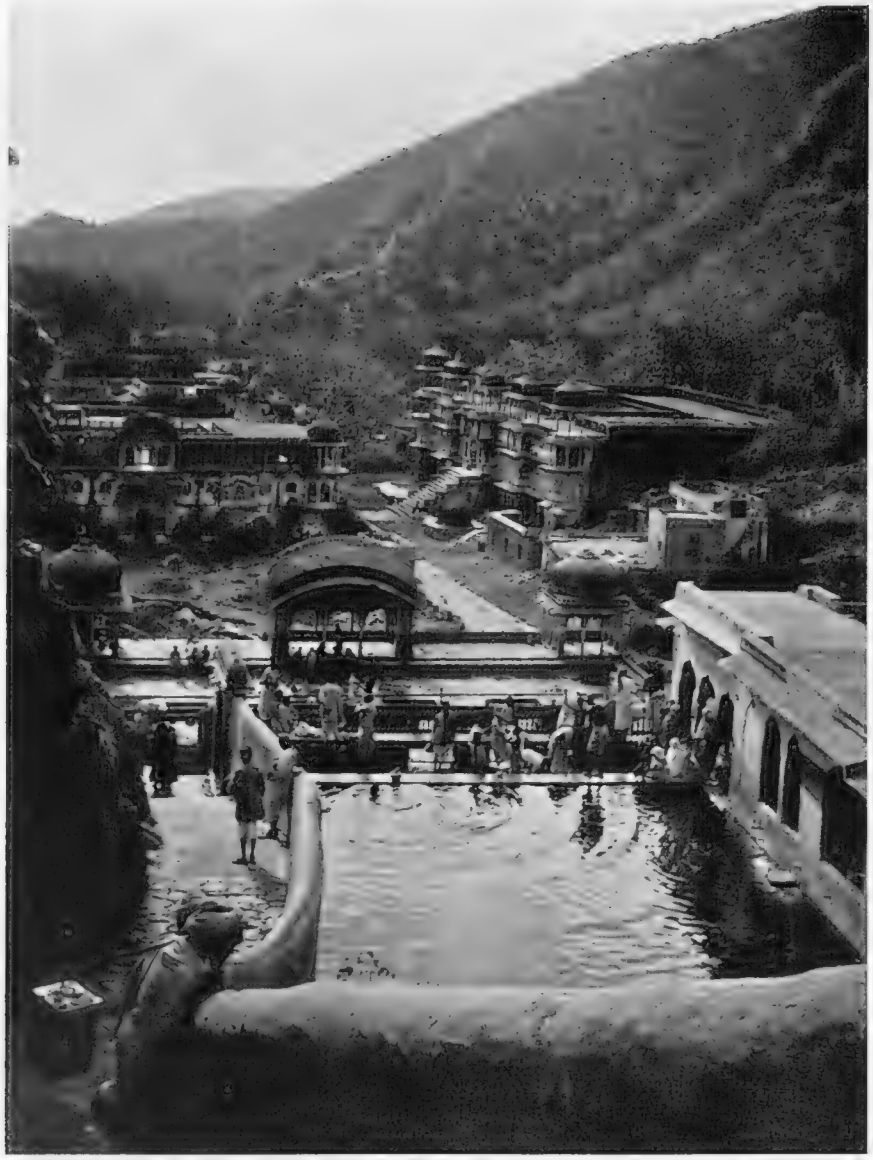
The exclusion of noise would be simplified if cabins could be hermetically sealed, but adequate ventilation is necessary.

As an example of what sound-proofing can do, experience with two modern British machines may be quoted. One, a twin-engined air-liner, when delivered by the makers without any form of sound-proofing, gave an audiometer reading in the cabin of 94–95 decibels. Sound-proofing experts were given a free hand, and the reading was reduced to 74 decibels. A much smaller machine with two engines at first gave a reading of 94 decibels, but this was improved to 76 decibels.

On any modern air liner which has been designed with sound-proofing in view, passengers should suffer no discomfort from noise. The days of cotton-wool stuffed into the passengers' ears to deaden the noise and prevent air-headache should be things of the past. In the quieter machines the noise is no greater than in a railway carriage and much less than in a tube train; in fact it is claimed that on certain American machines used for long night flights it has been necessary to ask passengers to lower their voices to avoid disturbing others who wish to sleep.

C. D. Palmer

India Day by Day



HOLY WATERS: A party of Hindu men and women bathing in the sacred tanks at Galta, near Jaipur, Rajputana, at the festival of the marriage of Parvati, the mountain goddess and consort of Siva. The general setting, with the old temples in the rocky defile and the happy pilgrims, gives a delightful impression of peace

PLYING A LEISURELY TRADE: Sailing barges such as this are a familiar sight on the waterways of Madras Presidency, travelling from town to town by easy stages and seemingly never in haste, for the question of time does not appear to trouble the poorer class of Indian trader. A journey of 200 miles will sometimes take them a matter of weeks

On right—A DIP IN THE BAY OF BENGAL: Enjoying a bathe from Madras beach

A BABY SHOW IN THE BACKWOODS: Empty beer bottles, tin cans, sweets, and mugs, which were included among the prizes at a contest organised by a touring forest officer among the children of the primitive Gond and Korku tribesmen of the Vindhya Mountains in the Central Provinces. Mrs. S. A. Vahid, wife of the Divisional Forest Officer, and Mrs. S. Jepson, wife of the Editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, are pictured on left judging some of the entrants

UNCHANGING IN A CHANGING WORLD: A caravan crossing the ford at the mouth of the Auja River to the north of Tel-Aviv, the rapidly developing Jewish city on the shores of the Mediterranean. The camel still looms large in the everyday life of Palestine; a life which is a curious intermixture of the modern and the traditional and which provides the traveller with such an extraordinary sense of contrast. Note towards the left of this picture the standards erected to carry the electric grid cables, symbols of the new commercial era fostered for the most part by the go-ahead Jewish community that has immigrated from Europe

A JEWISH AGRICULTURAL COLONY: An aerial view of the settlement on the Rehovoth Road, to the north of Jaffa, where immigrants have successfully established themselves on the land and have been doing a thriving trade, such commodities as grape fruit finding favour in the overseas markets. Of recent months, however, business has been slowed up on account of the intense hostility of the Arabs

PRIMITIVE JUDÆA: The Arab occupied almost entirely by and flat mud roofs, has probabl

PALESTINE : LAND OF CONTRASTS

A Country Where Modern and Traditional Influences Clash

On right—PALESTINE'S STELLENBOSCH: The frontier post of Auji Hafir, on the edge of the Sinai desert, where Arab notables are being confined by the authorities in order to prevent their taking further part in the anti-Jewish campaign

IN THE WILDERNESS: The Jerusalem—Jericho road twisting and turning along its twenty-one-mile course through mountainous and forbidding country that provides a host of hiding places for Arab raiders

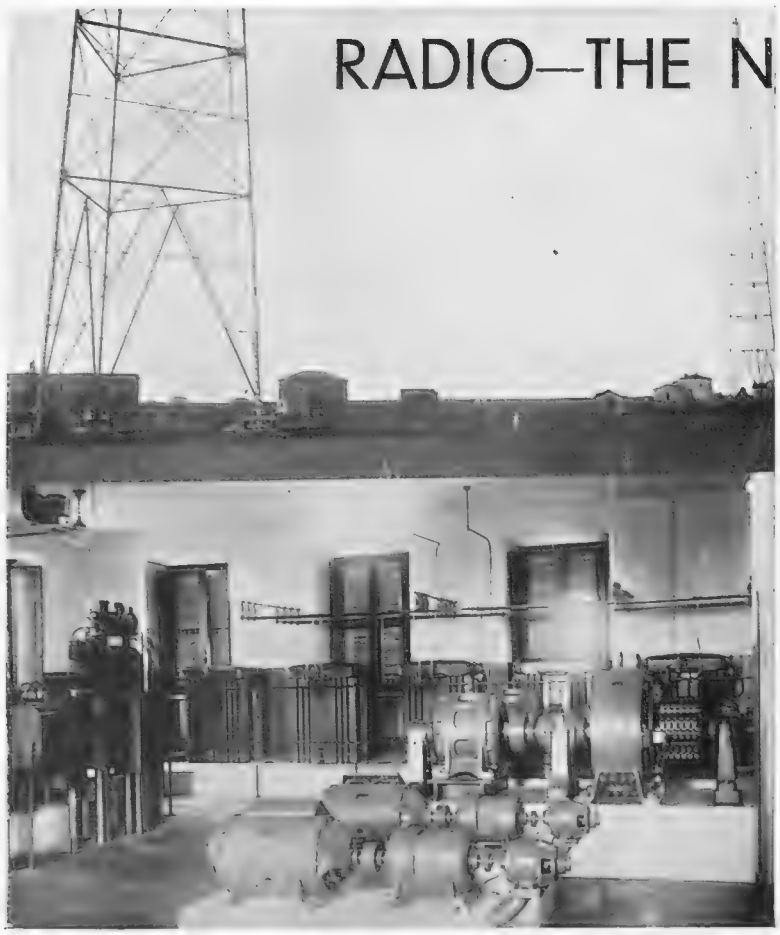
village of Kufr Malek, not far from Bethlehem, which is shepherds and, with its houses of massive stone construction changed hardly at all since the days of the New Testament

A PALATIAL HOME AMID JAFFA'S ORANGE GROVES: The residence of a wealthy Arab landowner built in the modern style with beautiful terraced gardens, an outdoor swimming pool, tennis courts, and other amenities. An impression of contemporary Arab life in extraordinary contrast to that reproduced on the left

RADIO—THE NEW NATIONAL WEAPON

Some Aspects of International Broadcast Propaganda from which Britain Alone of the Great Nations Stands Aloof

By FERDINAND TUOHY



ITALY'S LATEST: The masts and an interior view of the new and powerful broadcasting-station at Santa Palamba, Rome. Signor Mussolini is a great believer in radio propaganda and he employed it with considerable effect in the Abyssinian war

"WE'RE too easy-going—try to be too decent" is the verdict of nine out of ten Britons resident abroad, when the latter-day bearing of their country and Government comes under discussion. One is aware that such exiles are liable to be more Royalist than the King; none the less a situation of some urgency stands revealed if you care to investigate their reactions.

The question is: How long can we afford to continue conducting ourselves in international diplomacy and affairs with that scrupulous (for want of a better term) breeding of the past, which, had we our way, we should only desire to perpetuate indefinitely? How long, in fact, can we go on playing the gentleman—in method—almost as a solo hand in Europe? Have not others already taken too much advantage of it? Just what is apt to happen when the old-world courtesy of an Eden or a Hoare encounters the summary drat-you methods of the dictators?

In writing so, I may voice an opinion pretty widely held by our nationals on the Continent, namely, that we shall go on losing, or not begin regaining lost ground, just as long as we omit to equip ourselves with some, at any rate, of the new-found armour of the day, however distasteful this may be and however much it may conflict with heretofore conceptions.

One of the most pressing arguments for our rulers coming off their Simon-pure, Eton-cum-Balliol standard in tackling current Capone-ish Europe centres upon the uses to which broadcasting is being increasingly put—it so happens that our exiles above-cited are here particularly good witnesses in that they have to sit in cafés and kindred public places in foreign cities, often listening to wicked travesties of things English. And broadcasting distortions can be so much more exasperating than the printed transgression, emitted, as they usually are, with such aplomb and suggestion of unappealable finality. They also have to be shared publicly with others.

When an optimistic Director-General caused to be inscribed over the portals of the B.B.C. that intriguing device, "Nation Shall Speak Peace Unto Nation," we were still back in an age of relative etheric innocence. It may have been only three or four years ago, yet the pace has been so hot that "Nation Shall Short-wave Lies Unto Nation," would be nearer the mark to-day. Nor do we seem so far to have gotten much more than our toes wet; by the close of the year the stage should be really set for the much Bigger Bedlam Broadcast of 1937.

As the tempo of European wrangling mounts, the dictators (and not only they) are enthusiastically preparing to collar the air for the purpose of assailing all such as impede their policies or dare to cross their paths. We stand on the threshold of a prolonged electrical storm shot with the very core of progress and also with lies, slander, and distortion, hate-provoking, war-weaving propaganda brilliantly contrived by the highest civilised brains that it may register to the full with those at whom it will be specifically directed.

THE MODERN NOTE: The main hall of the "Radio Paris" Station, which is situated near Rambouillet, about thirty miles distant from the capital

Events have been only gaining momentum since the unchallenged success of that beacon of the new wireless culture, Bari, from which station the Fascists have with impunity saturated Arabs, Egyptians, Indians, with misrepresentation and sneers concerning England. Chances of preserving common decency on the air have grievously receded by the copious event of the new short-wave stations, able to direct their dope over the widest distances at distinctive points, and at the same time to avoid running foul of international wave-length agreements. The ghastly likelihood is even being pointed out of there soon being far more wave-lengths available than posts seeking admission. In fact governments will be in a position to butt in as and when they choose, with short-wave broadcasts, without fear of violating those common covenants. A further factor favouring anarchy hinges on the technical circumstance that these short-wave transmissions are only with difficulty caught in the countries of their transmission, meaning that the public in such lands can voice no protest, criticism, restraint, or even query. Fantasy, stark and entire, can rule for export on the air. Such is the prospect looming directly ahead, while we and others do little about it save (in the reiterated phrase of the Foreign Office) watch the situation with the closest attention.

Bari definitely put war-by-wireless on the map, and others are losing not a moment in extending and perfecting the process, notably the Italians, Germans, and Russians, realising as they do that if war is coming, to be able to panic other people first with "the news" should be, if not half the battle, at any rate a goodly proportion of it.

Some unimaginative souls have been harkening back to German propaganda during 1914–18, to the virginal outpourings of Nauen. Private reception then not existing, Nauen was just talking to a few tuned-in South American stations (principally); nor did we seek to jam it, after a while, because we derived useful information from listening-in—on one occasion vitally useful information. It was the same with other enemy transmitting posts: listen, all you can, was the word of command, and if any benighted enthusiast thinks he is helping by jamming . . .

But how about jamming now, in the altered conditions of rawest contemporary broadcasting?

Passing through Brussels, I looked in again at the suburban villa which controls Europe's wave-lengths and keeps a check on general wireless behaviour—exception made, alas, of the subject matter of broadcasts. There is a map at Control Headquarters showing all the performing stations, a map currently being added to as new short-wave stations appear. Only delicate technical apparatus and skill prevent chaos from supervening under existing conditions. The slightest relaxing of police work, and hopeless interruption would ensue. Supposing, then, nations that are victims of abuse were to start a protective policy of jamming?

Such was the question which now needed little asking. Apart from short-wave being able to intervene however one might seek to squash it, to resort to jamming, as remedy, would inevitably mean seeing yourself jammed to nullity also, and that cannot be envisaged in view of Empire linking-up. So, what to do? One notes that future B.B.C. policy aims at making Daventry the world's biggest S.W. broadcasting station, with mission, "The Projection of England." Audaciously, the Corporation even contemplates using three languages as distinct from hitherto lone English. A move in the right direction, but is it enough? It is my belief that ultimately we shall have to come to something like a nightly Bulletin of Correction, separately devised for, and directed at, the Imperial mosaic and foreign countries.

Perhaps I get more of this foreign wireless propaganda in the ears than most people, but I do know that from being a joke, the apostrophe of a companion some time back in a Paris café (an *Intransigeant* speaker was slandering us) has assumed different proportions. "*What would Palmerston have done?*" my friend had joshed.

Well, what would he have done? Erected another Daventry on Cyprus and sunk Bari without trace? Nay, perhaps even have addressed daily communiqués, in Italian, concerning the Duce and all his works? Am I going jingo? No, but isn't there rather too much self-depreciation and criticism abroad—as, for example, that Eden or Baldwin or both "betrayed the League?" Just one person did that—Pierre Laval. May we not stand in need of a tot of Palmerston? Certainly, if some of the B.B.C.'s eternal baiters would concentrate a little more upon the broadcasting sins of others, we might be the gainers.

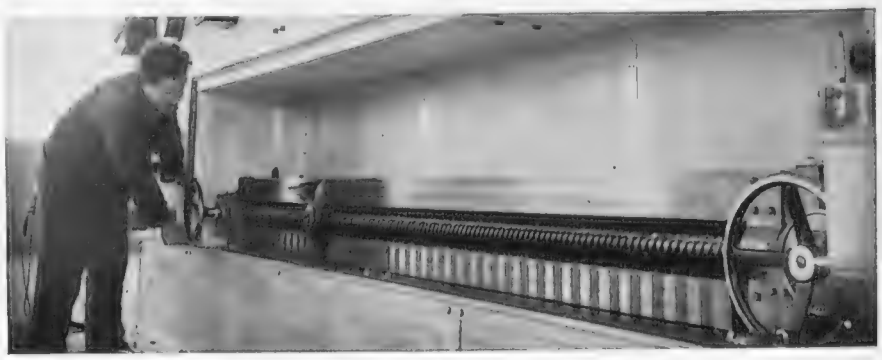
Meet, for example, Mr. David Sarnoff, Tsar of Radio City, on his return from effete Urrup. "Reflection on the uses being made by radio in many foreign lands arouses him from his chair, and he paced up and down his office talking about radio as he found it 3,000 miles from Uncle Sam's domain, where freedom rules the air."

Oh yeah?

Permit me, from *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"Radio news in the United States has none of the liberty it has in this country. Special agencies exist for supplying it, and sponsors are bidding high for the right to broadcast news. The censorship of the advertiser is worse than that of the

(*Continued on page 74*)



ST. NAZAIRE: Modulating the output—a scene in one of the most powerful of the French wireless stations which is specially equipped to deal with messages from ship to shore

SPHERE SURVEY

A GROWING MILITARY POWER: Members of the newly-formed Prince Eugen cavalry regiment engaged on manœuvres outside Vienna. During the next year Austria's army is to be increased enormously as a result of Dr. Schuschnigg's defiance of the Little Entente in repudiating the treaty of St. Germain which limited the country's armed forces to 30,000 men. It has been decided that 50,000 or more conscripts of the 1915 class shall be called to the Colours in the autumn, and it is understood that the majority of these have already been summoned to attend medical examination

THE ECCENTRIC CONGRESSMAN: Mr. Marion Zionchek, the representative for Seattle whose exploits have astounded America and who was recently arrested and taken to a Washington hospital, where his sanity was under observation but whence he escaped. Some weeks ago he drove to the White House and presented the President with a package of moth balls and three empty beer bottles

TROUBLED PARIS: Communists with clenched fists raised (their party sign) singing the "Internationale" outside St. Lazare station when staging a demonstration against members of the Fascist "leagues" with whom they eventually came into direct conflict, the opposing forces having to be separated by a police charge. The Fascists are temporarily in eclipse in France

DOING AS THE ROMANS DO: These youths of Addis Ababa have been enlisted by the Italians in the ranks of the Ethiopian "Ballila"—a militant youth movement working on much the same lines as that in Italy and aiming first and foremost at fostering patriotism

"YE SONS OF FRANCE AWAKE TO GLORY": The band of the Moroccan Fusiliers (*above*) and the general scene in the courtyard of the Invalides (*right*) during the celebrations held recently in Paris on the centenary of the death of Rouget de Lisle, who gave to the world "The Marseillaise," the song which has immortalised him. One thousand musicians from all the leading home and colonial regiments and 300 choristers took part in the ceremony, giving magnificent renderings of the anthem in the presence of enormous crowds. One authority states that de Lisle wrote the words while in prison in Marseilles and fitted them to the music of a popular song of his day composed by Alexandre Boucher, but *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that "he wrote both words and music in a fit of patriotic excitement after a public dinner at Strassburg." The *New Biographical Dictionary*, published in 1825, tends to support the latter theory

GENEVA CAMEOS

Personalities and Scenes in the City of the League

LEAGUE G.H.Q.

The imposing new Peace Palace into which the secretariat has only recently moved

THE PEACE OF GENEVA LAKE

Swiss youths fishing beneath the drooping branches of a weeping willow. A picture in marked contrast to the almost hectic atmosphere that pervades official Geneva

HONOUR SYSTEM

An English secretary buying one of the London morning papers on returning from her day's work

M. YVON DELBOS

France's new Foreign Minister who is among those who have been strongly opposing the idea of League reform.

ARGENTINA'S DELEGATION

Señor Cantilo (second from right) who has been much to the fore at recent League meetings and is a powerful and polished orator, in conversation with his colleagues on the terrace of their hotel. Besides being a politician he has gained a reputation as a poet and man of letters

SALUTING FROM THE CONNING TOWER: On Tuesday of last week the King paid his first visit to the Navy since his accession, carrying out a full day's programme at Portsmouth and, as depicted here, taking a trip in Motor Torpedo Boat No. 1, the new high-speed craft designed by Mr. Hubert Scott Paine and recently added to the Service. The boat, which can travel at well over 40 m.p.h., was under the command of Lieutenant-Commander G. B. Sayer and had a crew of eight. His Majesty sat in the control station and watched with close interest as the vessel headed out to sea and later fired a torpedo at the destroyer *Amazon*, registering a hit at top speed

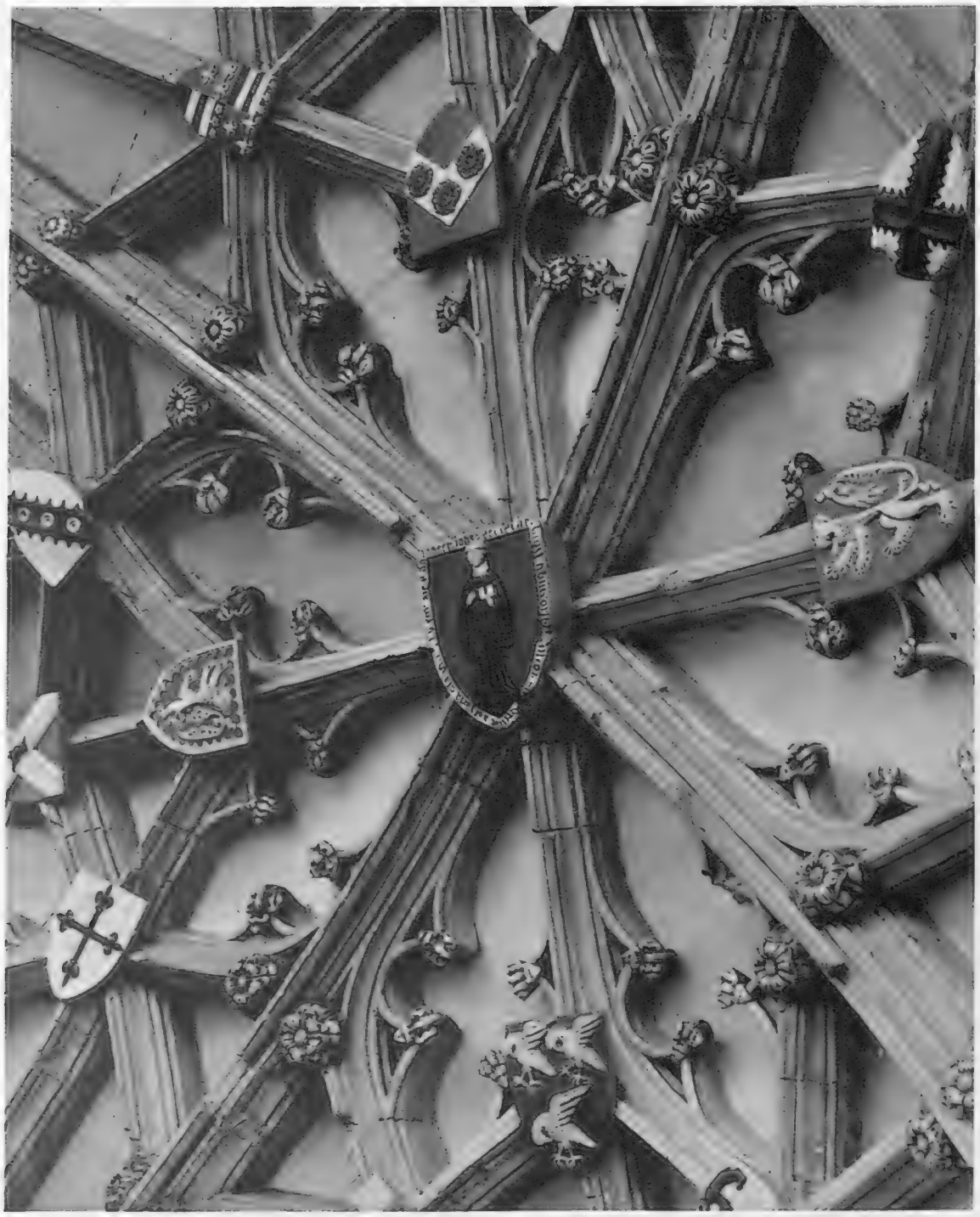
THE KING with the NAVY

His First Visit Since the Accession

On left.—AT THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS: Ratings moving off the parade ground after marching past the King in single file in the gymnasium where the ceremony took place instead of in the open air on account of the inclement weather. His Majesty stood at the salute for nearly an hour. *On right.*—Going aboard the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* with Lord Louis Mountbatten before giving the signal in which he congratulated officers and men on their smart appearance. The message closed with the words "Splice the mainbrace"

CANTERBURY'S

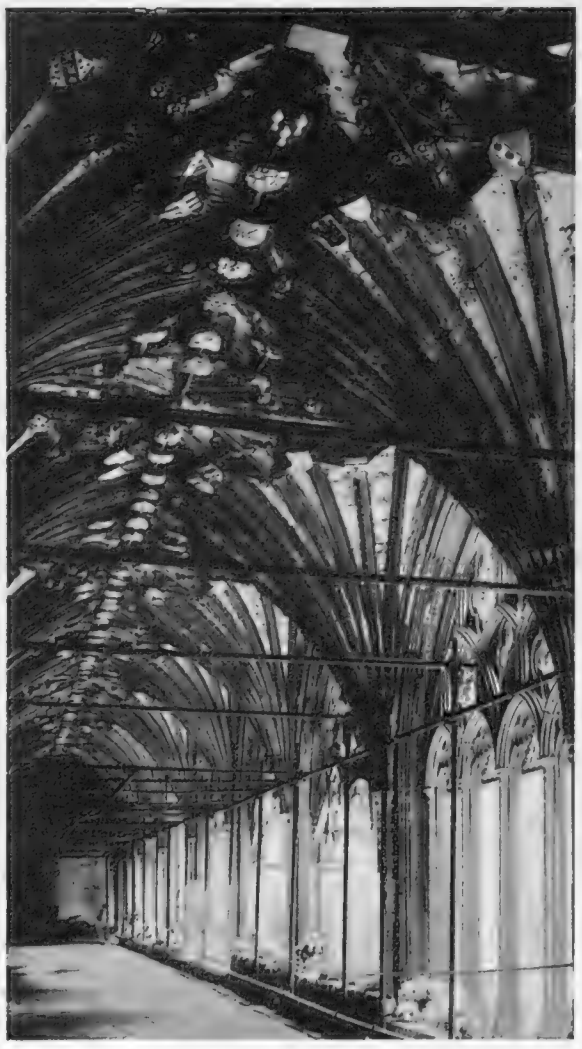
Eight Hundred Heraldic Devices of Laymen, Now Restored to Their



BROTHER JOHN OF SHEPPEY, who collected and gave £100 for Canterbury Cloisters, is the central figure in this bay near the Chapter House. The generous monk died on St. Stephen's Day, 1439, and this device was placed in position twenty-five years after the cloisters were completed

DISTINGUISHED COMPANY: The coats of arms of an Holland, Duke of Exeter (*above it*), of an Earl of *left*) adorning one of the thirty-six bays in the cloisters

FINISHING TOUCHES being put to the restored arms of St. Thomas A'Becket, the martyr archbishop. *On right*—Looking along the east aisle of the cloisters which were begun in the last years of Richard II's reign and were probably completed shortly after the accession of Henry V



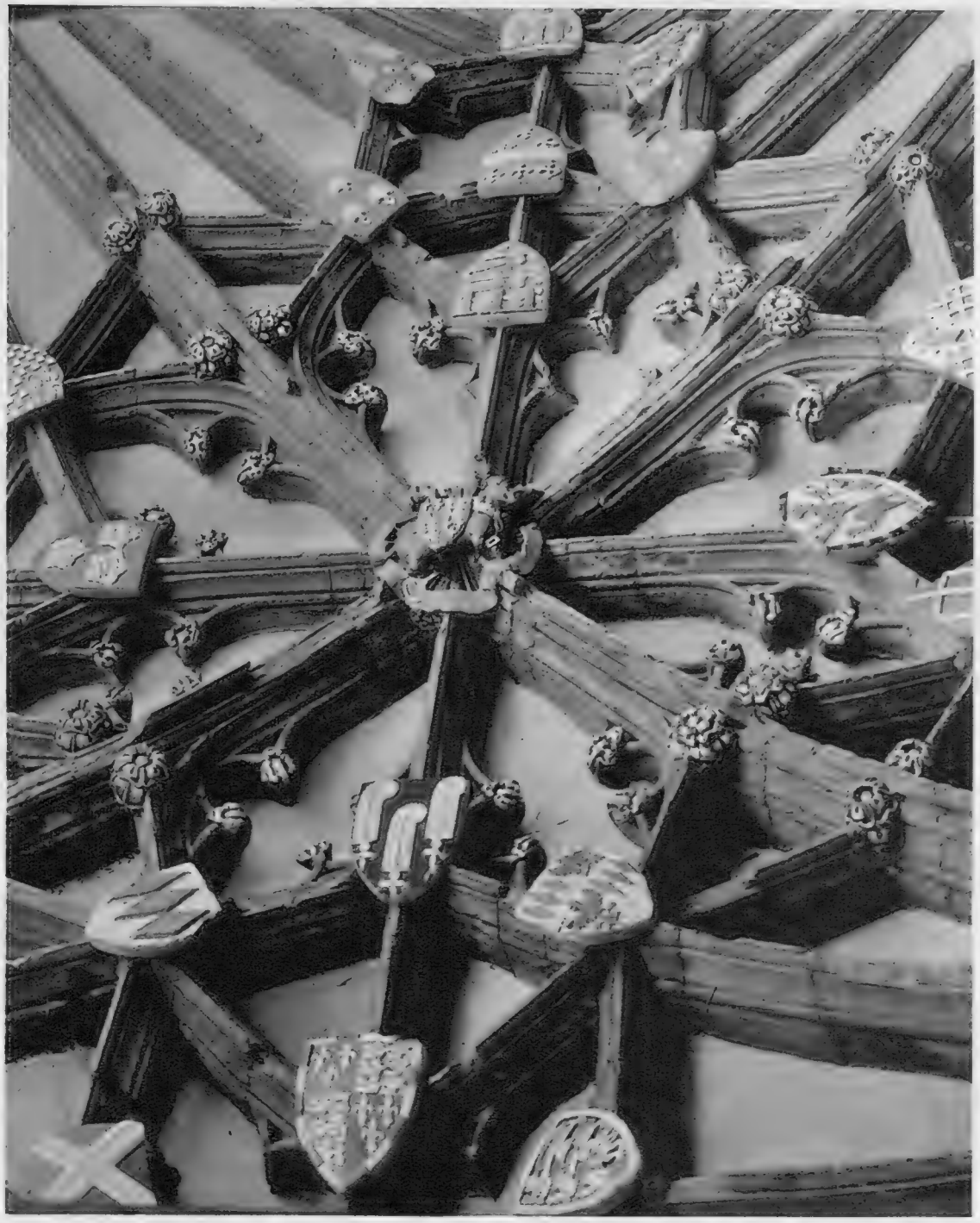
LOOKING ALONG THE SOUTH

The student of history and the lover of architecture will alike take an infinite interest in the renovations in the medieval cloisters of historic Canterbury, the 800 or more devices of which

CLOISTER SHIELDS

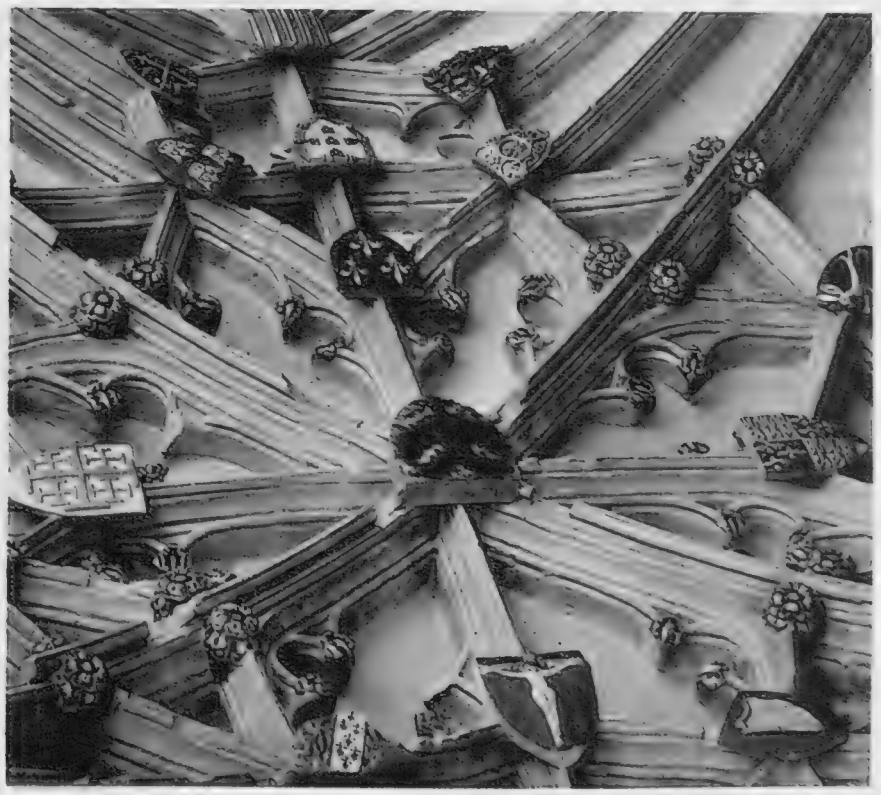
Kings, Princes, Prelates, Peers, and Pristine Glory in the Cathedral

Earl of Westmorland (*second from bottom centre*), of John Salisbury (*bottom right*), and of Mohun of Dunster (*bottom* all of which have been painstakingly repaired and repainted



THE THREE FEATHERS: The arms of Prince Henry (1387–1422), the "Hal Madcap" of the history books, are the feature of this view in the North Aisle. Tradition ascribes the origin of this device to John of Luxembourg, the Bohemian King who fell into the hands of the Black Prince, and in varying forms it has been used ever since

AISLE: The scaffolding still in place as the work of restoration was nearing its end



THE GREATEST OF ALL THE BAYS with the two-headed eagle of the Holy Roman Emperor, Sigismond, in the centre, the fleurs de lys of France above it, and on left the gold crosses of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. At the bottom is the crucifix device of the great Prester John, the mythical monarch of an African Christian kingdom

are now restored to their pristine glory and resplendent in all their original richness of colour. The work, which has only just been finished, has been carried out through the generosity of the Friends of Canterbury, and a few days ago its successful completion was celebrated by a special service and a tour of inspection in which Garter King of Arms took part. Those visiting the cloisters should obtain the Cathedral's booklet on the subject

THE LAND ARM OF THE AIR FORCE: R.A.F. armoured cars crossing open terrain in formation while engaged in a round-up of Arab raiders who were terrorising the Jewish agricultural community. *On right*—A signaller communicating with other members of the unit by Aldis lamp

WITH THE R.A.F. IN PALESTINE

Armoured Cars and 'Planes Co-operate in Maintaining Order

MESSENGER FROM THE SKIES: A reconnaissance 'plane arriving to drop a note to an armoured car section relating to the whereabouts of an Arab ambush. The defence of Palestine, at present the scene of such intense unrest, falls under the Middle East Command of the R.A.F. which normally has two squadrons of aircraft and four sections of armoured cars available for patrol work and, during the present period of stress, has the assistance of eight instead of two infantry battalions. The task of maintaining order is no light one but, thanks to the energetic measures of the military authorities, the situation is fairly well in hand. The Arabs show no sign of giving in, however, and are still pressing for the cessation of Jewish immigration and of the sale of land to the Jews

FRENCH SYRIA

Glimpses of Life in a Land where Momentous Constitutional Changes have Recently been Planned

SUN AFTER RAIN caused these fissures in the Syrian Desert, a part of the country almost without vegetation of any kind and in marked contrast to the fertile uplands where wheat and other cereals grow so abundantly. Syria's future has recently been under discussion in Paris, and the plans for the creation of two new autonomous States there are referred to on the next two pages

WHERE BRIDGES ARE SCARCE: A car stuck in the bed of a shallow river in Western Syria. In this region the waterways provide quite serious obstacles for the motorist

THE COURTYARD OF A MOSQUE with the familiar ornamental pool in the centre

SIFTING THE WHEAT CROP: Peasants at work on a small holding in North Syria. Luckily the man does not notice the woman smiling at the photographer or he would send her away

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IN FRENCH MANDATED SYRIA: Where France Is Proposing to Create Two Independent Republican States

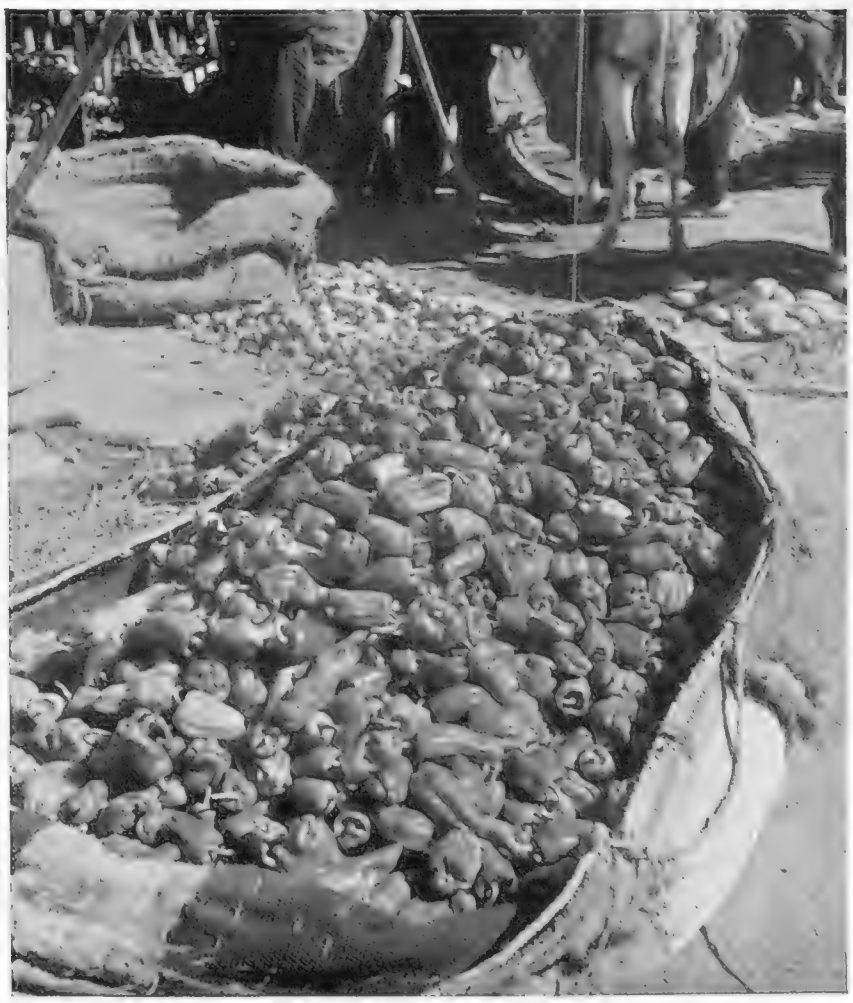
A MOROCCAN SPAHI: A member of the French defence force in Syria. *Above on left*—The residence at Beyrout of Count Damien de Martel, High Commissioner for Syria from which France is proposing to create "the States of the Levant" and to grant them the same degree of independence as Britain has given Iraq. An alliance will exist between the mother country and her "offspring"

MODERN DAMASCUS: A typical street scene in one of the Syrian capital cities showing veiled women and men in tarbouches. Walking in the roadway in the centre of the picture is a Circassian cavalryman in the French service. He is a descendant of colonists brought from the Caucasus during the days of the Turkish regime and established in certain centres as garrisons

STAPLE DIET: Cooked corn-on-the-cob on sale in a Damascus street market. It is almost as popular a vegetable in Syria as it is in South Africa where, year in year out, the natives never seem to tire of it

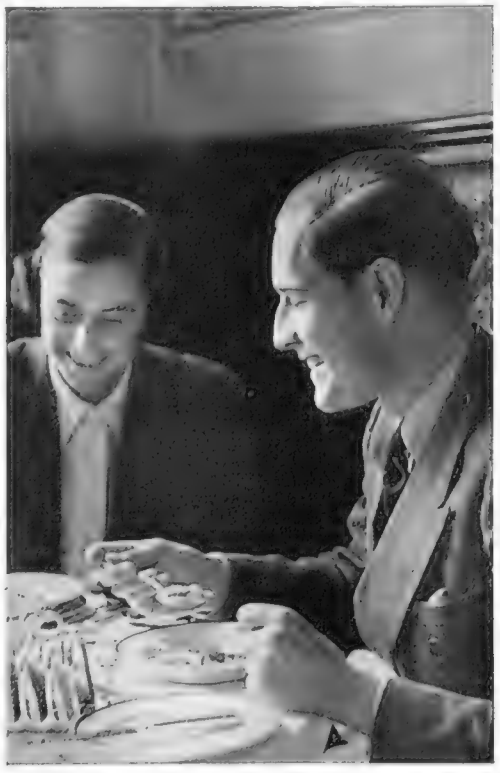
IN A BEYROUT PARK: The Countess de Martel, wife of the High Commissioner for Syria, enjoying an early morning ride. Her husband recently went to Paris to attend a meeting at the Quai d'Orsay at which he discussed with the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, General Georges, and General Gamelin, the question of granting Syria autonomy. It was stated at the time that the new States would, if possible, be admitted to the League of Nations next September

A HOUSE IN THE KURD QUARTER: A glimpse of old Damascus; a city the French have modernised but which still retains many of its picturesque features. *On right*—A load of pimentos; a fruit grown in large quantities in Syria



THE WIMBLEDON RUNNER-UP EN FAMILLE: Baron Gottfried von Cramm (second from right) with his mother, a sister-in-law, and his six brothers playing a game of table football. A picture taken during a family reunion at Christmas, one of the rare occasions when the brothers are able to get together. Gottfried has received world-wide sympathy as a result of his bad luck in the Tennis Championship, a muscle injury sustained in the second game of the first set ruining his chances and giving Perry an easy victory. He showed his good sportsmanship by not retiring and by concealing that he was hurt

LEARNING THE VERDICT OF THE PRESS: Von Cramm reading a report of one of his matches in a German paper. Like any other player he is always keenly interested in what the various tennis scribes have to say about him, often in this way picking up useful pointers that help him to better his game



THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF 1936: *Left*—Von Cramm watching a game on the centre court and, doubtless, learning a little of the wiles of his opponents. *Right*—Breakfasting with his wife at their Wimbledon hotel

HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND: The Maharaja of Mysore who was due to arrive in London this week; a suite being prepared for him at the Dorchester, Park Lane. He became Maharaja at the age of ten and there was an eight years' regency, at the end of which the late Lord Curzon, who was then Viceroy, took part in the inauguration of his full reign

Mysore and Its Maharaja

The Ruler of India's Second Largest State, Who is Making an Unofficial Stay in This Country

IF you were to meet His Highness Sir Shri Krishnaraj Wadiyar Bahadur, the Maharaja of Mysore, without knowing who he was, you would not think that he was the ruler of the second largest State in India—a State with an area of 29,474 square miles, a population of 6,557,302, and an annual revenue of over £2,500,000—so simple and unaffected is he in his dress, manners, and speech.

The Maharaja is about fifty-one years old, and came to the throne in 1895. He takes the keenest interest in the welfare of his subjects, works hard, travels all over his State to see how his people are faring, and discusses with the chief officials of his State the details of their departments every morning. And, up till now, he has never left his State, because he holds that a ruler must stay with his people and not go outside for the sake of his health or personal pleasures. He is very broad-minded. Although a Hindu, he has appointed as his Prime Minister Sir Mirza Ismail, a Muhammadan, and his private secretary is a Briton, Sir Charles Todhunter.

His State is undoubtedly the most progressive in India, and is known all over the country as "the model State." He is assisted in the work of governing by an Executive Council, which is composed of the Prime Minister and two other members who are nominated by him. There is also a Representative Assembly composed of elected members who are given the right to criticise the annual budget and are consulted on all proposals for levying new taxes, and a Legislative Council, which is composed of partly nominated and partly elected members, whose chief business is to criticise the new laws and regulations and the annual budget. Women can be elected to either of these two bodies. The finances of the State are in a good condition and there is a budget surplus every year.

The educational policy of the Maharaja is very progressive. There are altogether 8,315 educational institutions of all kinds in the State, with 329,928 pupils. These include a large number of girls' schools, of which thirty-four are high schools. All education below the high school grade is free. There is a university in Mysore City, to which teachers' colleges, a medical college, an engineering college, and schools for agriculture, commerce, and other technical subjects have been affiliated.

A great deal has been done to help agriculture and industries. A reservoir, called after the Maharaja "The Krishnaraj Sagar," a canal called after Lord Irwin "The Irwin Canal," the Cauvery Dam, and 39,000 rain-fed tanks have been built to help the farmers. There are seven Government farms, and departments of Agricultural Chemistry, Entomology, and Mycology have been formed. A cattle-breeding station has been established at Ajampur. Coffee is one of the products of the

(Continued on page 78)

"NOW SIMMER BLINKS ON FLOWERY BRAES, AND O'ER THE CRYSTAL STREAMLET PLAYS": An elder tree in all its glory beside the banks of the River Brett, Suffolk. Gliding along the still waters, and at intervals dipping their long necks beneath the surface, are parent swans and their youngsters

WHEN THE ELDER BLOOMS

A Tree of Usefulness and Beauty

(Camera studies by Douglas Went, above, and John Topham, below)

LENDING ENCHANTMENT TO THE RURAL SCENE: A close-up of the elder's cream-coloured flowers and (*right*) blooms near a Kentish oasthouse. This tree, so decorative in aspect but under whose shade it is said to be dangerous to sleep, has a host of practical uses, the flowers being employed both in perfumery and confectionery, while a cooling ointment is made by boiling them in lard. Wine is, of course, produced from the berries

STAGE and SCREEN

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

MINISTERING ANGEL: The governess (Olga Lindo), who solves everybody's problems but her own, comforts her employer (Julien Mitchell) with a whisky and soda on his return from the works where his men are threatening strike action. A scene from *Miss Smith* at the Duke of York's Theatre

MISS SMITH TO THE RESCUE: The son of the house has got entangled with a chorus girl (played by Phyllis Konstam), so the governess once again sets about straightening things out.

THE LIBERTINE: Dona Elvira (Jeanne Lauret) discovers the body of her father, the Commander (Jean Yazvinsky), after he had been killed in a duel with her suitor Don Juan (Anatole Vilzak) who, as he takes his departure, insolently and callously blows the girl a kiss. One of the opening episodes in Michel Fokine's new version, *Don Juan*, the ballet which recently had its première at the Alhambra

STAGE matriarchs vary, naturally enough, with the actresses who play them. There was Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a play actually called *The Matriarch*—subtle, powerfully tragic, intensely personal. There is Miss Nancy Price matriarching it like anything in *Whiteoaks*—a grim and bony centenarian with a rasping tongue. But now we have Miss Lilian Braithwaite in *The Lady of La Paz* at the Criterion.

Miss Braithwaite is, of course, every inch a lady and if anybody one quarter as ladylike can be found in Costa Rica, the scene of this play, I shall indeed be surprised. No grimness and no rasping tongue for Miss Braithwaite; her tongue is all honey and her hair is honey-coloured, and although she is a grandmother and has had ever so many husbands, she retains her looks and her charm and her sweetness, which make her matriarchy the more formidable.

Around her revolve—she rarely leaves the stage—some rather colourless males, a couple of grandchildren and a faithful servant with an Anglo-Spanish accent who is so faithful that she is willing to commit murder for her beloved mistress. This woman does, in fact, kill the husband of one of the granddaughters—a bad bad man who was not even good good company.

A rather clumsy device; but it did enable young Miss Nova Pilbeam to dry her tears and make a second, and, one hopes, more successful shot at marriage. Miss Pilbeam comes from the films, has any amount of good looks, and is little more than a child. But as far as the legitimate stage is concerned she should learn to walk before she runs—a piece of advice which would, however, have been more applicable twenty years ago than it is to-day, when technique seems to be temporarily out of fashion. Another granddaughter, Miss Janet Johnson, wanted to become a nun but changed her mind when something worldly in trousers appeared on the scene.

The Lady of La Paz has been taken from a novel and has most of the faults that accompany that process. There is too much talk and a rather obvious cynicism is often made to masquerade as wit. But the story is told well, if slowly, there is a very pretty scene, and Miss Braithwaite has a whale of a part which she plays to perfection.

"Jardin Public."—Massine's ballet *Jardin Public* was given by the Russian Ballet (De Basil) some little time ago, was found wanting, and has now been rearranged into what is practically a new work.

I like it as little as I liked the old; this must be one of the few ballets performed by the company which are a distinct disappointment all round. The music of M. Dukelsky is extremely poor stuff, with a sense of effort about it from the first bar to the last. Only too obviously the effort is simply to be odd, to produce something so cacophonous that it will be talked about, even if in the least complimentary terms; that, at any rate, is my impression. The imitation of French bandsmen, with impossibly grotesque instruments, was amusing in a simple way. But the remainder of the happenings in that rather nightmarish garden were tedious. So far as any real contribution to ballet history or æsthetics in general is concerned, *Public Garden* is of little or no value.

Mlle Danilova—what a glorious dancer is this!—might have been able to put some character into her "Rumba" had she not been hampered by a costume of peculiar ugliness.

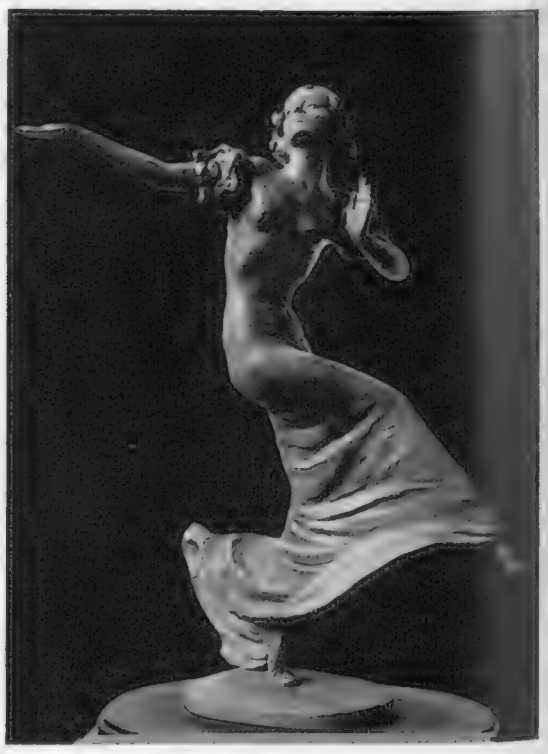
MARY SHERIDAN: A new bust by Felix Weiss, the sculptor of the late Lord Allenby and other well-known people of the day. The sitter (in private life Mrs. Kenneth Barnes) is at present rehearsing for the Ellen Terry Memorial performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* at the Barn, Rye; an annual production in memory of the great actress

"A Bride for the Unicorn."—It is the fashion to say of a play over which, so far as opinions are concerned, one is in a quandary, that it will either run a week or be the biggest success of the year. Plenty of people were saying this after seeing *A Bride for the Unicorn* at the Westminster Theatre, which is cool and comfortable and handy for Victoria Station and Buckingham Palace.

As it is my habit never to forecast the length of a run nor to admit being in a quandary about any play, I only chronicle a fact without comment. If those who think this odd affair will run a long time prove to be right, no one will be better pleased than I; for I consider it not only to be odd in the best sense of the word but a work of quite remarkable beauty.

The author, Mr. Dennis Johnston, has already given us *The Moon on the Yellow River*, which if it did not set the Thames river on fire, stamped him as a writer of consequence. *A Bride for the Unicorn* is much better, though it is often more consciously cryptic than its title. If it were to be suggested that Mr. Johnston needs "editing" (with some merciless compression and elimination) there would probably be the very deuce of a pother, and talk of the chained eagle, Pegasus at the plough, and so on. Poets are apt to be like that. Yet if Pegasus is to write a good play—and Mr. Johnston himself describes this as "An Imaginary Adventure in Play Form"—he must not despise technique, even if he may despise the cash that technique is likely to bring him.

I deny that *A Bride for the Unicorn* is, except in the widest and crudest sense, in play form at all. The untidiness of it is exasperating. That most of the thinking is so fine makes still more exasperating the fact that the author thinks too much and too loosely. Ideas—comic ideas, tragic ideas, poetic ideas—come tumbling over one another into that brain of his. They seem to have been jotted down without examination so long as some



MOVEMENT IN EVERY LINE: This bronze figure of Claire Luce, recently star of Cochran's *Follow the Sun*, is the work of the celebrated Hungarian sculptor Sigismund de Strobl and constitutes a good example of his sense of line. Miss Luce is very versatile, and is a fine actress as well as a dancer

sort of a scene is made out of them—somehow. As he is a true poet and often a splendid one, and as his poetic instinct is to be trusted, the serious scenes are better than those in which he is obsessed with the desire to be farcically satirical. Except for an episode in which are concerned a High Court judge, some pompous counsel, a prisoner who is, apparently, remanded in custody and told to pay the costs of the prosecution (this would make a good revue sketch), the satire seemed to miss fire rather badly.

Nightmare stuff is not difficult, and the sillier it is the more nightmarish and original and daring it appears. A lot of strangely-garbed young men with beards, who cannot possibly have remembered the war, waxed enthusiastic over a war scene, a be-medalled military person, a nit-witted Prime Minister, and flicks at the "old school tie" business, which the great Western Brothers administer with far more skill and point. All this was like bad Shaw. The best was good Shaw, the Shaw of the fine prose-poetry

THE GLITTERING ARCADINA: Edith Evans as the actress in Tchekov's *The Seagull* produced by Komisarjevsky at the New Theatre with a star cast which also includes John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft. The play, which is possessed perhaps of more unrelieved gloom than *The Cherry Orchard*, typifies the great Russian author's original technique which led him to eschew principal roles and put on the stage a number of characters of equal importance. His style is the antithesis of theatricalism but in this piece interest never flags for a moment

at the close of *Back to Methuselah*, with the difference that Mr. Johnston is the better poet as well as the younger Irishman, of the two. I have rarely been moved so much in a theatre as by the closing lines, beautifully spoken by Mr. Kenton, who is an actor with romance and the old-fashioned sonority about him. These two qualities, so far from being incompatible, are complementary.

I do not propose to give the story of this allegory as if it were a bedroom farce or a who-did-the-murder-and-why "thriller." As an allegory it is not particularly original, and the symbolism is as loose as much of the thinking. I will only suggest that the wholly piquant flavour of this Irish stew should be tasted. The music of Mr. Johnston's words, as well as the actual music of Mr. Arthur Duff (the best incidental music I have heard since that genius, Norman O'Neill, died) are alike entrancing. These Irishmen can indeed be magicians when they choose.

It must not be thought that the appeal is only to the senses, though at times I was jogging myself with W. S. Gilbert's

> "His gentle spirit rolls in the harmony of souls
> (Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means)."

I do not know what some of *A Bride for the Unicorn* means; I have more than a suspicion that parts of it really mean nothing at all. But I do know that this is the stuff of which great plays are made.

A large and preponderantly Irish cast of wholly unfamiliar names seemed to me to be without a flaw.

"Sweet Interlude" (Film).—The shades of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid should be placed permanently on the salary list of every Hollywood film-studio. The old story has been taken down from the shelf, dusted, given a coat of paint, hung in the air to dry, and dealt out yet again with the title of *Sweet Interlude*, which I have seen at the Tivoli.

I saw Miss Constance Bennett in a film very like this one a few years ago. It was called *Common Clay*, and pretty common it was. The same idea was doing good service long before either Miss Bennett or the films were born.

Of course new twists and touches have been added. The photography and technique generally are so efficient, so slick, and so unobtrusive (which means that they are good) that the film, in a sense, suffers; for one's attention is focussed—so far as this hoary novelette has ever been able to focus anything other than a monkey-like stare—on the essential crudity of it. Miss Loretta Young, who was recently Richard Cœur de Lion's Queen Berengaria, is here a servant girl who is loved by a millionaire's son. He loves her for herself alone and she loves him for himself alone, and I trust the Tivoli audiences love both of them for themselves alone and enjoy the originality of such an exhibition.

The course of true love never did run smooth (they all talk rather like that); so

(Continued on page 78)

THEATRICAL AT-HOME: Fay Compton (left), who is at present starring in *Call It a Day* at the Globe Theatre, pictured with Dorothy Dickson, one of her guests at the garden party which she gave a few days ago at her house at Maidstone

HOLLYWOOD SOUGHT HIM: Oliver Messel, the talented young English designer who has assisted in the presentation of so many London stage shows, pictured (*on left*) when he was working on one of his drawings for Metro Goldwyn-Mayer's screen version of *Romeo and Juliet* in which he is responsible both for the décor and costumes. His original sketches for the dresses of Juliet, Tybalt, and Lady Capulet are reproduced below, and these, together with numerous others, are now on exhibition at a special show at the Leicester Galleries

"VERONA, A PUBLIC PLACE": One of Oliver Messel's sketches for a street scene in the film *Romeo and Juliet* which is being completed in Hollywood and will shortly be seen in London. Norma Shearer plays the lead

London: The World's Art Market

Keen Bidding, High Prices, and an Air of Optimism in the Salerooms

IT is very satisfactory to note the air of cheerfulness now prevailing in the leading salerooms in London. The period of depression was beginning to recede last year, good prices being recorded at many sales, but this year it has definitely passed, and sellers are as keen to bring their treasures to the market as buyers are to purchase. Prices have been mounting gradually but steadily, so much so that Continental collectors are ready to send their pictures to London in preference to any other capital. A proof of this may be seen in the sale of the pictures belonging to the Duc de Trévise, which is announced by Messrs. Sotheby to take place in their rooms during this month. This collection consists of drawings and paintings of artists of the French school, made peculiarly interesting from the fact that many of the portraits are of famous figures in history, including portraits of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine by Isabey, and of Louis XVI by Duplessis. A splendid Empire Beauvais suite belonging to the Duc de Trévise will also be sold. There is reason to believe that this suite was made for the Empress Josephine, and afterwards belonged to Eugène de Beauharnais, her son by her first marriage, and whom Napoleon treated with all the kindness and generosity of a real father. Tradition reports that the Czar Alexander of Russia took this suite back to Russia with him after the abdication of Napoleon in 1814. At any rate it was one of the Russian Imperial treasures sold by the Soviet Government in Berlin in 1928.

The sale of the Quilter collection of pictures at Christie's on June 26 (fifty-three in number) realised nearly £24,000—at prices far above previous estimates. The portrait of Mariana of Austria, by Velasquez, fetched £5,880, whereas in 1895 it had been sold for £2,415. A picture by J. Ochterveldt, "The Music Lesson," realised £2,625, its previous price in 1895 being £483; and a painting by John Crome of "A Squall off Yarmouth" was bought for £1,365—nearly double what it secured in 1909. Two Raeburn portraits, hitherto unrecorded, and therefore with no past saleroom history, were also sold on June 26 at Christie's (after the Quilter sale), reaching the fine total of £4,725. The higher price of £2,730 was paid for the man's portrait, that of Andrew Buchanan of Ardenconnel, the wife, Mrs. Jean Buchanan, only obtaining £1,995—an unusual circumstance, female portraits usually being preferred. In this case, however, the male portrait was much more interesting and a particularly fine example of Raeburn's work.

The illustrated catalogues of the magnificent collections of the late Mr. Henry Oppenheimer give some idea of the size and quality of the collections—once held in one private dwelling and now to be dispersed at Christie's over a period of three weeks, starting on July 10. Owing to his great wealth and delight in beautiful things, Mr. Oppenheimer was able to acquire a collection which in time obtained a repute like that of a public gallery. All art authorities were welcome guests at his house, and so every object passed under expert eyes, a process which necessarily instructed the owner on the value and quality of what he had bought.

As a partner in the London house of Speyer Brothers who had largely financed the Under-

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£5,880 FOR A VELASQUEZ: This was the price paid at Christie's a few days ago for the Spanish master's portrait of Mariana of Austria, second wife of Philip IV; a sum that reflects the buoyancy of bidding in the salerooms. In 1895 the picture fetched £2,415

"THE MUSIC LESSON": This characteristic work by J. Ochterveldt provides another example of the current appreciation of prices in the art world. In 1897 it realised £483; in 1909 it was bought in at £892 10s.; while at the recent Quilter sale it made £2,625

STUDY OF A MAN'S HEAD, POSSIBLY INTENDED FOR A ST. JOHN: A work by Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531) included in the collection of Old Master Drawings belonging to the late Mr. Henry Oppenheimer and the disposal of which began at Messrs. Christie's this week

"A MAN IN ARMOUR": A work by Paris Bordone in the magnificent Oppenheimer collection of drawings now being dispersed at Christie's, and which, while ranking second in Great Britain only to that in the British Museum, is the world's finest private collection

"PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC," BY JEAN FOUCQUET: One of the gems of the Oppenheimer collection. It is believed that the sitter was Teodoro Lelli, Bishop of Treviso, who as Papal Legate accompanied the Bishop of Ostia on a mission to Louis XI of France in 1464

(Oppenheimer Collection)
"PORTRAIT OF A LADY": A drawing attributed to Bernardino Luini, a follower of da Vinci to whose works there is a close and often misleading resemblance

"THE YOUTHFUL ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST": A wood bust of the Florentine School of Antonio Rosselino (fifteenth century), showing the young saint with head turned slightly to his right, and wearing a hair cloak over his right shoulder (Oppenheimer Collection)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ROSAMOND LEHMANN whose latest novel *The Weather in the Streets* has just been issued by W. Collins Sons & Co. and is reviewed by Vernon Fane on this page. Her first book, *Dusty Answer*, was one of the outstanding successes of the 1927 publishing season, and she followed it up with *A Note in Music* and *Invitation to the Waltz*. Miss Lehmann is a sister of Beatrix Lehmann, the actress, and the wife of Wogan Phillips, the artist

The late L. M. Nesbitt's Vivid Study of Mining Life on the Rand : Rosamond Lehmann's Brilliant Dialogue

By VERNON FANE

THERE are so few candidates for the top shelf of travel literature that when one hears of the death of such an author it seems like a personal as well as a national loss. Just a year ago Mr. L. M. Nesbitt, the author of *Desert and Forest*, was killed in an aeroplane accident. Fortunately for us he had finished the manuscript of another book before his death, an account of the gold-mining days of Johannesburg before the war, when he himself, as a boy fresh from school, was working in the mines and studying for his engineer's certificates.

GOLD FEVER (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) is a splendidly vivid piece of work. The experiences of a young man engaged in work as grim and dangerous as any in the world have been remembered over the space of years and have even gained from the lapse of time between the actual happening and the recording. The memories are photographically exact, but the judgment, and the style of their re-telling belong to maturity.

Working hundreds of feet below the surface, in places so cramped that they could rarely stand up, perpetually deafened by the huge drills, and with their lungs filling with the deadly quartz dust, the average life of a miner in a gold mine of those days was eight years. The span of the coloured workers was shorter still. Consumption was practically inevitable and most of the miners had X-ray photographs taken of their lungs at regular intervals to see how much the deposit of quartz had increased. "These rather grim photographs almost always hung side by side with portraits of gay-looking actresses, suggesting nothing but joy, which had been cut from illustrated journals. Even in matters of art the miner will have his pungent contrast."

Pensions were provided for men who were incapacitated in this way, and they "spoke of the dust in their lungs as gamblers speak of stocks and shares when the market is depressed." To compensate, or at least as a form of compensation for the brutally hard work and the illness, wages were fabulously high, six pounds a week being regarded as a mere pittance, and the hope of making big money was of course the spur that drove the majority of the men to choose that life. Yet there seemed to be a greater necessity than that.

"Life in the mine was ugly and worthless: it offered no advantage but high wages, and not all of us were obsessed with the desire for money. Yet we continued to descend into the depths at the appointed hour. There was a continuing compulsion which had something inevitable about it, exerted by that great system of energy, a compulsion which overrode men's wills."

If you are interested in South Africa, or if you want to read about one of the strangest of lives, or if you are one of those people who open their evening paper to see what "Kaffirs" are doing, you should read this book.

PARENTAL APPROBATION: Evelyn Waugh being congratulated by his father after the announcement at the Aeolian Hall that he had won the Hawthornden Prize with his *Edmund Campion*, a life of the Jesuit martyr. The award is made for a book of imaginative literature by an author under forty-one, and this is only the second time that the winning entry has been a biography

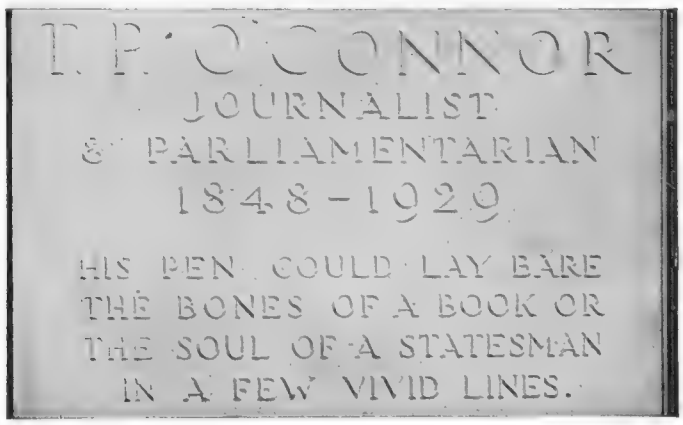
What a blessing Dr. Johnson must be to the writers of histories, or biographies, or books on sailing, or books on any subject under the sun. He never fails the diligent student and provides at least a chapter heading for any theme, through the kind offices of Mr. James Boswell. Now I see that between them they have supplied a wittily apposite snatch of conversation for Miss Constantia Maxwell's DUBLIN UNDER THE GEORGES (Harrap. 12s. 6d.).

"He, I knew not why, shewed upon all occasions an adversion to go to Ireland, where I proposed to him that we should make a tour. *Johnson:* It is the last place where I would wish to travel. *Boswell:* Should you not like to see Dublin, Sir? *Johnson:* No, Sir; Dublin is only a worse capital."

All of which leaves Dr. Johnson, very unfairly, the winner, and shows a great sense of fair play in Miss Maxwell, whose object in this book has been to write "from the standpoint of an admirer of the Age of Reason, and in defence of the Anglo-Irish gentry who stood for the culture of the eighteenth century in Ireland." The author has chosen the period when the magnificence of Dublin life was at its height; when the architecture, the stage, the literature, and the social life were contributing to a splendour which equalled that of Paris or London. At this time Ireland must have been the best customer that Bordeaux ever knew, and even a man of moderate means would serve a dinner of thirty dishes.

In terrible contrast to this was the life of the poor people in Dublin whose misery and poverty was indescribable. There was no attempt at the most elementary sanitation, and the overcrowding was so great that, according to a contemporary census, 107 people might be found living in one house. Riots were frequent and bloodthirsty, and bands of thieves made the city streets dangerous at night. It was at that time of paradoxes that Dean Swift wrote, that Burke spoke, and that Mrs. Siddons played. It was, on one side of the image, Dublin's golden age, no calmer than Dublin has ever been, but richer in its intellectual life, and gayer than any capital in Europe.

Mrs. Delany, that charming and *mondaine* chronicler, writing of the "great sociableness" of the Dublin people added, "all that I have met with behave themselves very decently, according to their rank, now and then an oddity breaks out; but none so extraordinary but that I can match them in England."



"T. P." HONOURED: The inscription on the panel beneath the bronze bust of the late T. P. O'Connor which has been placed on the façade of Chronicle House, Fleet Street, and was recently unveiled by Lord Camrose in the presence of a distinguished gathering of newspapermen, including Sir Ernest Benn and Sir Walter Layton, who paid glowing tributes to the great Irishman who won such a place for himself in journalism and politics. T. P.'s "Parliamentary Sketches" probably constituted his finest work, but his Life of Lord Beaconsfield revealed him as a biographer of a high order

Somebody remarked the other day, and in print, that the South Downs were now one of the minor religions of the English people. I can agree with that statement, since they have been so to me as long as I can remember, and I think that Mrs. Esther Meynell, whose SUSSEX COTTAGE (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) has just been published, will agree too.

Mrs. Meynell is, she admits, careful not to encroach on the garden-path style of reminiscence, but has written instead a delightful, formless book about Sussex, about the cottage which she had built, about Mr. Hilaire Belloc, about those South Downs, and about the people and the dogs and the houses which make up the Sussex we can all discover for ourselves.

There are moments in the book when the danger of whimsy seems no further than a hair's breadth away, but these are few, and, in general, the author's good sense, and her sense of writing win. One of the essential charms of Sussex which Mrs. Meynell has captured lies in the names of the places themselves. Their recital alone, with Amberley, Adversane, Piddinghoe, Rodmell and Ripe, would be a true Sussex poem, and it is just that old simplicity that the writer appreciates.

Mrs. Meynell has some local anecdotes too tempting to be left unquoted, and one at least I must share. "Rodmell has a notice board which says 'To the Shop,' which somehow lends a Bond Street exclusiveness as well as ancestral memories of the first emporium of shards and skins in a Neolithic village. I did not go to 'The Shop,' fearing lest its stock might consist too largely of American canned goods, even though I do not quite hold the view of the old Sussex villager who refused all canned meats with the remark, 'None of them things for me; they be all lions and unicorns, they be.'"

It is a curious experience to read a book with the closest attention and sympathy, to understand every action and reaction of the girl whose love story it is, to be near enough to her in thought to wish her luck, and to pity her for the anti-climax of her solution, and yet, having finished the book and laid it aside, to realise, as unmistakably as if one had just spent a month with her in a small boat, that one dislikes her.

Olivia, the Olivia of *Invitation to the Waltz*, has been married and has separated, is reasonably disillusioned, good-looking, slim, and intelligent. She has been in and out of love, and at the beginning of Miss Rosamond Lehmann's new book, she is bleakly marking time at the house of a woman friend in London. THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS (Collins. 8s.) is, before anything else, one of the best novels of the present season. It is readable to an almost dangerous degree, since its very fluency and smoothness leave one, at a first impression, with no foothold for criticism.

It is also the love story of Olivia and one Rollo, a man whom I found myself imagining more and more as an American advertisement drawing for English tweeds. Rollo is married, and tells Olivia, with that uncivilised candour which distinguishes Englishmen, that he loves his wife. Nevertheless he is in love with Olivia, and their affair, begun on an impulse, is a happy one, and for a brief passage in Austria, idyllic. Its climax is sordid, lonely, and commonplace, and its final solution unbearably cynical.

But how Miss Lehmann can write! I begin to think that scarcely any of her contemporaries can equal her dialogue, and she has an ability to create an atmosphere, rather than a tangible scene, which is unique. It was that, as I remember, which made *Dusty Answer* such a strangely moving book. Miss Lehmann's new novel, though, is by far the finest that she has yet written and, to be flippant, well worth that extra sixpence.

When, a week or two ago, Mr. Evelyn Waugh was given the Hawthornden prize, it was for his brilliant biography of Edmund Campion. Before the publication of that book, his reputation—which is great—had been based almost entirely on his few novels, each of which had been a little masterpiece of comic satire. He had also written one or two unremarkable books of travel. His work, in fact, is astonishingly inconsistent, and as if to prove that his old form has not deserted him, he has produced, in the same week as the announcement of his Hawthornden triumph, a particularly weak collection of short stories.

MR. LOVEDAY'S LITTLE OUTING (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) includes one good story, from which the volume takes its name, several that are readable, but disappointing since one is entitled to expect more than that from Mr. Waugh, and one that was spoiled for me, because some years ago I had read Irene Nemirovsky's *Le Bal*, which had the same *dénouement* and a more credible setting.

That, however, can scarcely be Mr. Waugh's fault, and it is not on that score that I feel such disappointment. In common with all his other genuine admirers, I have a more valid excuse for a grievance. Even if we accept it as Mr. Waugh's special prerogative to produce unequal work, need he publish his inconsistencies?

BOOKS RECEIVED: LOVAT DICKSON.—THE OLD MAN'S COMING. By Gustaf Janson. 8s. 6d. A HOUSE IN VIENNA. By Marianne Philips. 7s. 6d. BELL.—RHODES GOES NORTH. By J. E. S. Green. 12s. 6d. CASSELL.—THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX. By Hilaire Belloc. 7s. 6d. CLOWES.—SANCTIONS BEGONE: A Plea and a Plan for the Reform of the League. By H. Rowan-Robinson. 7s. 6d.

FAVOURITE OF THE FANS: Clark Gable who made his film debut in 1930 and who, according to Charles Graves, belongs to that rare type that grows more interesting with the passing years

When Film Stars Fade

What Happens to the Great Ones of Hollywood with the Passing of Their Box-office Attraction

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is not often that one can get to know the real facts and earning capacity of the film stars in Hollywood. For the film industry is automatically based on ballyhoo. But I have just had the good fortune to discover the real figures behind the smoke screen, and film actors and film actresses can be divided, for our present purpose, into juvenile leads, ingenues, leading men, leading ladies, comedians, comediennes, elderly artistes, and children.

The juvenile lead of the nice boy type like Buddy Rogers goes up like a rocket and comes down like a stick usually within five years. He will probably start with a salary of 300 dollars a week for a period of five years. Each year the contract will call for an average rise of a 100 dollars a week. After three years he will probably get 750 dollars a week, and a 1,000 dollars in the final year. If, however, he "clicks," the old contract may be torn up at the suggestion of his agent and his salary may jump to 2,000 or 3,000 dollars a week or more. The reason for this adjustment is that the actor will probably refuse to work if he does not gain a further inducement and the studios want to keep them in a happy frame of mind. At the present minute James Cagney is not satisfied with his contract salary and is simply doing nothing. James sued Warners because they billed Pat O'Brien above him. He won. But no other studio will take him pending the appeal.

During his period of five years the juvenile lead is probably living at the rate of 350 to 500 dollars a week, but if he becomes a real star and is getting 5,000 dollars a week he will have to spend at least 1,000 a week in living expenses. In addition to this, the income-tax in California amounts to at least 60 per cent. of his income. This is taken from his gross earnings, with the exception of some allowance for a publicity man, the agent's commission, the cost of photographs, and secretaries to answer his fan mail. It will leave him, however, with 2,000 dollars a week. But his living expenses being 1,000, there is not so much gilt left on the gingerbread.

The leading men like Ronald Colman, William Powell, Gary Cooper, and others with slightly lined features, can last fifteen or twenty years with a flat salary of 3,000 to 5,000 dollars a week for at least a forty-week year, and possibly a fifty-two-week year. Clark Gable is another of those who grow more interesting, apparently, and earn more money, the older they get. Robert Montgomery, by contrast is already fading, and Robert Young, who is taking his place, will, no doubt, do the same later on. He started small at first, and now, probably, his agent is asking for an adjustment.

The ingenues are lucky if they reach 2,000 dollars a week, and their life is very brief. Think of Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Lila Lee, and half a dozen more. Where are they now? Only Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor of all the ingenues came through.

Of the leading ladies like Joan Crawford, Katherine Hepburn, Garbo, Dietrich, and Merle Oberon, few, if any, were successful stage actresses. Most of them have no stage experience at all. Those who have were really only repertory players. Their security of tenure is between ten and twelve years at the top. But they have to spend so much money on jewellery, furs, and clothes that even twelve years on the top of the world leaves very little.

Comedians depend almost entirely on the pictures in which they appear for the continuance of their success. Wheeler and Woolsey and Buster Keaton have faded because their last pictures were not up to scratch. A comedian, however, who is a success, can earn more money than anybody. And he may even form his own company and make hundreds of thousands of dollars, like Lloyd and Chaplin.

Child actors have a brief life but a lucrative one. Shirley Temple is to-day the biggest box office draw in the world. She began at 50 dollars a week. She is now getting £800 a week, and should last for another two years. She is, however, already on a diet at the age of seven. Her milk teeth are falling out, and false ones are having to be put in. But when she retires at the age of ten she will have made a huge fortune before she goes to school. The odds against her making a come-back later on are enormous. No child prodigy ever has done so. An occasional personal appearance in vaudeville is about all that can be expected. Look at Jackie Coogan or Baby Peggy or any of the others. There is a distinct chance, however, that Freddie Bartholomew may prove an exception to the rule. After the late Will Rogers, Freddie has apparently a greater sense of audience than anybody in pictures or on the stage.

Elderly stars like May Robson and Aubrey Smith can go on earning money as long as they like. They are always wanted by some director or another. Their earnings will be 3,000 or 4,000 dollars a week during the making of a picture, or 2,000 dollars a week for a forty-week year. The hard-boiled wise-crack type of actress such as Joan Blondell depends,

WILL HE PROVE AN EXCEPTION? As a rule child stars enjoy a brief and lucrative spell in Hollywood and are never heard of again, but Freddie Bartholomew, who is pictured here in the title rôle of Little Lord Fauntleroy, has genuine acting ability and a sense of audience. It may be he is only at the beginning of his screen career and will be making films ten or twenty years hence

like the comedian, very much on the picture in which she appears. This type of actress has a distinctly precarious hold on life.

But what happens to the star when he or she starts to fade? Well, it is rather a pitiful story. Let Myron Selznick, who acts for most of the leading stars in Hollywood, tell you. Let us take the case of an actress whose name is known to all of you. Before she starts to fade she is getting a flat salary of 5,000 dollars a week for a straight two years. Which is big money however you look at it. Before her contract runs out, however, she is on the slide. In consequence the contract is not renewed. For six or seven weeks she has tried to get offers from other studios but they have not been forthcoming, and each week it becomes more difficult for her to explain that she is "resting" of her own free will. Finally she writes to Myron Selznick and asks if he will see her. He scouts around and will probably arrange for an offer of 50,000 dollars for twelve weeks. With this offer in his pocket he goes to call. The butler opens the door, ushers him into the drawing-room and states that "Madame" will be down in a little while. After half-an-hour Madame arrives dripping with furs and jewellery. As usual, she says that there must be a conspiracy against her. (In telling me the story Myron sighed. He said that he had had the same scene re-enacted at least half a dozen times.) After a few minutes' conversation he tells her of the offer that he has received for her. She at once blazes with indignation and says that she could not dream of accepting. Myron Selznick goes off philosophically.

Two months later the star sends for him again, but by this time the offer has dropped to 25,000 dollars. This is refused with equal fury, and the actress leaves for New York to see the plays. At Chicago and other points east there is the usual crowd of autograph hunters. There are still more in New York to greet her arrival, for New York always goes crazy about Hollywood film stars even when they have started the fading out process. The film actress feels she is on top of the world. She goes to the most expensive hotel and in one instance, having built herself a penthouse on the roof and fitted it with gold ornaments, she actually had a special lift shaft installed.

Flushed with her apparent popularity at night clubs and elsewhere in New York, the actress writes to Myron saying that she is now quite convinced that there has been a conspiracy against her and that Myron is a terribly bad agent. This regular letter is usually destroyed unanswered. Meantime the actress, who has gone ostensibly to play the lead in some big Broadway show, fails unaccountably to secure any part in any production. The next thing that happens, ironically enough, is that she receives an offer from England for a considerable sum of money. She comes over here. The daily newspapers send reporters to meet her at Southampton. She is photographed all over the place. Autograph hunters persecute her, and for six or seven weeks her triumph is once more complete. She is invited out by various personality-hunting aristocrats and social climbers. She is given a swell time, and the poor dear believes that she is a bigger success than ever.

She goes back to New York in the most expensive suite of the largest liner, which is garlanded (the suite, I mean) with roses. On arrival in New York the reporters who meet the ships, and are really very much more polite than most people think, interview the returning star. She is all radiance. She thinks she will make the front page again with photographs and all. Next day, however, she finds that there is only a five-line item about her return; and that is to all intents and purposes her funeral service.

It would be ungallant to mention the names of a dozen film actresses who once were on top of the world and who now are flat broke. The same kind of process occurs with film actors, except that their humiliation goes a step further. They return to Hollywood, and where formerly they had the biggest dressing-rooms in the studio, they now are lucky to earn an occasional few dollars as extras. As often as not they are compelled to "touch" those stars whom they are persistent enough to approach, and who in their own good time will probably go through the hoop in exactly the same way.

HOLLYWOOD GROOMED: Marlene Dietrich one of the best dressed of the stars, all of whom have to spend immense sums both on clothes and jewellery in order to maintain their positions

THE BABIES OF BELGRAVE SQUARE

A Second Series of Pictures of Notable Youngsters

GRAVE AND GAY: *Above and on right*—Two impressions of Paul, son of Lady Honor Channon and grandson of the Earl of Iveagh, who was born at nearly the same time as Prince Edward, and lives quite near to him in Belgrave Square

Special SPHERE *pictures by William Davis*

ONE OF THE REGULARS: Lucinda, seven-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, is often to be seen in the gardens of Belgrave Square where Prince Edward of Kent and other children regularly come to take the air. Once the gardens were little used, but the presence of the royal baby has made them fashionable again

ANOTHER HABITUÉ: Edmund Gilbert Hauser, five-months-old son of the Chancellor of the Austrian Legation, which is situated at No. 18. He finds the gardens a great place, and seldom a sunny morning goes by without his visiting them

HENRY CLIVE

The son of Captain and Mrs. Archer Clive and grandson of Lady Arthur Grosvenor

The son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bull and grandson of Lady Beit

THEO BULL

SUITED FOR GOODWOOD

In Tweed
In Linen
Or in Silks

If the day is dull and you go in tweeds, choose a suit like the one photographed above, in green homespun, with a deep pink and green checked skirt. This has a discreet slit at the side, and the jacket has an inset checked waistcoat and scalloped revers

Fine weather will call for something gay. We suggest a white linen skirt with a bright navy linen coat patterned in red and white. The georgette blouse has a panel of lace flowers. Both suits from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

New, and very striking—the ensemble on the right, with the short-fronted jacket. The tailored dress is made in a warm stone-coloured pebbled crêpe, with navy buttons, belt, and cartridge trimming across the tops of the pockets. The coat is double-breasted with a cut-away front and widened shoulders. From Harrods

SCHWEPPES...146 NOT OUT

By the Special Cricketing Correspondent

Schweppes with their wonderful reputation are doing better than ever this year. As summer advances their "deliveries" are getting faster and faster. That remarkable Indian member of the team, Tonic, is always brisk and lively and has scored all round, displaying tremendous coolness at heated moments. "Ginger" Ayle also well merits his position. His class can be judged by the fact that yesterday four in succession were taken in five minutes. His work in the gully is wonderful.

Schweppes' refreshing innings nearly came to an end about 10 p.m., when that sparkling newcomer to the team, S. Lime — in partnership with that spirited fellow Ginn—was almost stumped by Law off Licence in trying for a quick single. They are still not out, however, having carried the score up to 146 . . . from 1790 to 1936.

Schweppes

The colder you drink it, the better.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

RADIO—THE NEW NATIONAL WEAPON

(Continued from page 54)

agencies. The latter thought only of newspaper circulation; the former, if he is an oil company, and one U.S. news sponsor at least is, may have special reasons for editing European news!"

"News sponsor!"

"Americans are particularly fond of their news commentators, who customarily follow the news itself, and the influence of these journalists, whose comments as they too are sponsored, are also suspect, is as powerful, among all classes, as it is dangerous. During the period of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, they consistently belittled Geneva and vilified British policy."

Sometimes I wonder what Senator Marconi thinks of it all. One of the memories of my life is that of an hour with him in Rome at the end of the war, telling him what weird things had been done with wireless on and above the battlefield, in all kinds of ways, big and small. Some years ago I called at Civita Vecchia and he told me that short-wave was to afford the next wonder.

Well, here it is. Count Ciano, as Minister of Propaganda, not long since proudly announced that broadcasts were being sent out from Fascist stations in fourteen languages: English, Albanian, Bulgarian, Rumanian, Greek, Hindustani, Dutch, Hebrew, Croat, French, Hungarian, German, Arabic, and Esperanto. The texture and trend of these broadcasts it is utterly unnecessary to examine. The totalitarian concept is perpetuated in the ether: Everything Goes. Count Ciano, as Foreign Minister, will be able to see to it that an evermore apposite potpourri of special pleading shall go on the air in succeeding times, an even greater distortion encircle the earth.

"It is sweet and decorous to lie for one's country."

It is, of course, a delusion to pooh-pooh the cumulative effect of this polyglot plugging. The vast majority of listeners in such countries as those envisaged, absorb what they hear when it is tellingly presented by one possessing their own accent, and when it goes uncontroverted from year's end to year's end. The next decade should be profoundly influenced by the short-wave message that makes the most impression. Americans, Italians, Germans, Russians, French, are all breathing inspired stuff into their services as distinct from "canned" transmissions. In addition to the many 20 kilowatt posts reserved for neighbours, Italy will next year have two new 120 kilowatt stations at Santa Palamba with which to penetrate much farther afield.

As for Germany, she has been lying low. The Nazis have in no way yet shown the hand they hold or are preparing in the realm of overpowering use of broadcasting, though one derives an inkling of things-to-be from the construction of a mammoth underground transmitting station near Berlin, capable of withstanding all the terrors of the new warfare. The Reich can moreover at this formative period boast nearly twenty transmissions a day, aimed at foreign lands or dominions.

Domestically, France is drenched with the most trying broadcasts from the State theatres and operas—Racine and Gounod, Gounod and Racine—an almost daily Government-decreed visitation which, if perpetrated within sound of Bow Bells, would indubitably provoke the sacking and firing of Broadcasting House.

In the wider realm, the combative French are ready listeners to dope, whether dished up by their own commentators, who begin as early as 7 30 a.m., or by alien speakers among whom the Fascists have been having a rare time. "One should have heard the logical incisiveness with which Rome denounced British tenacity and Genevan weakness. How Rome and Milan discuss events with that taste for juridical rectitude, so special to the latin spirit."

BERLIN'S BROADCASTING CENTRE: One of the best equipped buildings of its kind in Europe. It was designed by Hans Poelzig, a noted German architect

The creative Mandel's successor, the Socialist Jardillier, intends to install loudspeakers all over the place—in the Tuileries, in the Bois—as he also proposes to counter Nazi wireless propaganda of Alsace-Lorraine, in like coin. Things are going to sizzle, too, from Radio-Paris and Radio-Toulouse. "The Greater France" is to be interpreted and sung, though with no hint as yet of a descent to methods in vogue across the frontiers. But a good tip for Monsieur Blum, if he does desire to remount the current in regard to England, might be to look into those sponsored news bulletins and commentaries.

Moscow, first in the field of its pernicious ilk, is gradually yielding before the new Soviet system of substations. An expert explains that "as long as listeners depend upon a few national stations sabotage and bribery may always enter in, and the direct control of the workers by hand and brain become impossible. When a network of substations exists, popular choice and control can only be put an end to by the equivalent of the storming of a thousand local forts. This is the only safeguard against Fascism on the radio that can be foreseen."

The greatest personal Soviet force of the day, Dmitroff of the Komintern, inspires U.S.S.R. broadcasting for foreign countries, as he does (with what relish!) the countering of Nazi propaganda.

Soon in all Europe there shall be only one post silent, that devised above all others to speak peace. The League's is a magnificent post. Technically,

RADIO LUXEMBOURG: This station's broadcasts are familiar to British listeners, particularly on Sundays, when the B.B.C.'s fare is inclined to be stereotyped

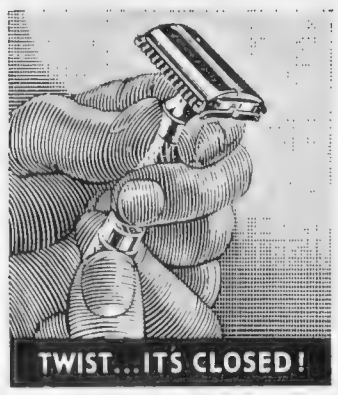
AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4 will be promptly answered

The last word in razor design

THE GILLETTE *"one piece"* ARISTOCRAT



Day in, day out, the finest craftsmen in precision engineering work to save you precious time every morning. And they are succeeding. Recently they gave you the finest blade —the electrically-tempered Blue Gillette. Now they give you the finest razor—the Gillette " one-piece " Aristocrat.

See how quickly you can change the blade—how quickly you can clean it and replace it. A matter of seconds. Twist the handle—the head opens. Twist again—the head closes ready for perfect shaving. There are no loose parts, no separate parts, to assemble, and the whole razor is made to watchmakers' standards of accuracy.

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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Perfectly balanced, heavily silver-plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel-plated case with engine-turned lid, together with ten Blue Gillette Blades.

15/-

● Prices shown do not apply in I.F.S.

Ask your Travel Agent for the new illustrated Time Table or apply direct to Air France, 52, Haymarket, S.W.1.

REVIVING A LOST ART! Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Richard Burbidge, Managing Director of Harrods, judging the entries in the Eighth Harrods Handwriting Contest, which is open to schoolboys and schoolgirls in all parts of the country. Fifty thousand entries were sent in from three thousand schools

A Cool Haunt in High Summer

The Countryside in July

(Camera Studies on page 65)

Beneath the leafy canopy there are deep shadows, all about the brook. For here the branches intermingle and droop—the outermost leaves brushing against the surface of the water. It is cool here and full of refreshment upon this day of high summer—away from the blaze of sunshine that is filling the open countryside.

The blossoms of the meadowsweet are showing themselves amongst the tall assembly of the herbage at the waterside. They have the appearance of creamy feathers set in amongst the greenery. Other flowers which at this place are growing close to the stream are coloured in purple, red, and rose; and they are bright even in this shady spot. This is a busy time in the world of butterflies. Here they are not so numerous as outside in the sunnier field or hedgerow; but still there are some few to be seen winging along in that purposeless, carefree fashion so characteristic of these charming beings.

Thus for a few moments a fritillary drifts over, from out of the sunshine into this twilit place, attracted hither by some sweet-scented bloom. A tawny little figure is he in his colour-scheme of red, brown, and yellow, touched with black.

Before very long, however, he tires of the many shadows cast here by the trees; and soon he is drifting back again once more to his sunfilled haunts. In the meadow whose boundaries lie beside the stream the cows are drowsily enjoying the rich fare of the pasturage spread out before them. They form a rural scene of homely beauty as they wander leisurely about in this fresh pasture, or take their ease beneath one of those ancient elm trees that throw a grateful shadow here and there. A pleasant and a restful scene it is for the wayfarer to gaze upon in passing by.

There are burnished yellow buttercups still in plenty—and the long-stemmed marguerite, filling her own particular places with white and gold. Some of her kind have found their way almost to the water's edge where they have joined themselves to the dewy company of flowers that are scattered there along the bank. There is a certain spot, close at hand, where the branches are at their thickest, and the shade is at its deepest; and this was the scene, but a while ago, of much activity. For it was just here that the kingfishers had made their nest. And it was from here that they launched forth into the world the bright-hued infantile replicas of themselves. Placed in the earthy bank beside the brook is their sometime home—now emptied of the young brood. It is at a slight elevation above the water; and it consists of a hole which penetrates to a depth of nearly 3 ft. into the bank. At the farther extremity of this hole is a small heap of fish-bones piled up one upon another so as to make a rough type of platform. This little platform is constructed from the remains of fish which have provided a meal for the kingfishers—that is to say from the bones which they have afterwards disgorged. And these are merely laid upon the earthy foundation in a small heap so as to form the nest, with no particular method as to its shape. Upon this platform the eggs were laid, and here they were hatched out, amidst these unbeautiful and somewhat odoriferous surroundings.

Now with a quick flash of wing a house martin comes into view. She follows the direction taken by the watershrew, at some few feet above the level of the brook. And, hastening on at full speed after her, come a flock of her children, prettily skimming along downstream in close emulation of their mother. They are still very youthful, but they are already skilful in their flight. Their plumage is lighter in shade than that of their parents, and as yet they are smaller than these. And thus, catching tiny insects on the wing they go, they vanish down the stream; and all is still once more save for the hum of a busy insect life about the grey-green coolness of the willow leaves, and the faint murmur of the brook.

Muriel W. Haywood

Picture by Bob Martin

BRITAIN'S OLDEST DOG? "Gyp," a twenty-three-year-old cross-bred Manchester terrier who is living on a farm at Laindon, Essex. At the age of eighteen she astonished experts by producing a healthy litter of three, and until she was twenty was out every morning on a four-mile milk round.

ALTERNATING ON THE AIR: Harry Farmer (left) and Donald Thorne who take it in turn to give the regular Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Granada, Tooting

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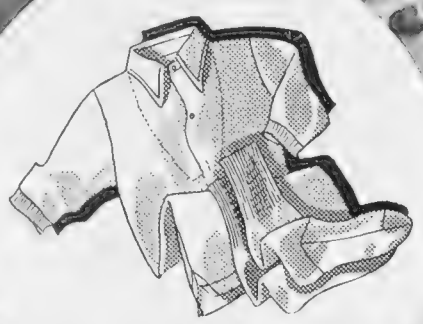
These bathing shorts, 18/6—others from 4/6 to 25/6. Bathing suits 6/6 to 27/6



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Made from canvas and leather, these lightweight golf shoes with composition soles cost 30/-

Here are a few of the many holiday necessities and luxuries to be seen at Austin Reed's of Regent Street. With the sixth floor as headquarters, we have a quite dazzling array of sports kit of every kind and colour.

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P.1866

CONTINUATIONS

MYSORE AND ITS MAHARAJA

(Continued from page 64)

State which is exported in large quantities all over India and to foreign countries as well.

The principal gold-producing centre in India is the Kolar Gold Field of the State, whose yearly output is worth nearly £1,394,667. The industry is wholly British and is chiefly managed by Messrs. John Taylor and Sons. Sericulture is the next most important industry of the State. A large silk-weaving, dyeing, and finishing works has been established near the capital. The State also produces and exports sandalwood and sandalwood oil in large quantities. There is a works for producing charcoal and pig iron, and a distillery for producing wood alcohol. A pipe foundry has been recently opened.

The other industries of the State are pottery, metalware, carpentry, tanning, glass-making, cotton textiles, rope-making, and the production of sugar and earth salt.

Two funds—the Industrial Investment Fund and the Industrial Development Fund—have been constituted to help the State industries and the private industrialists respectively. A Bureau of Information for Industries and Commerce has also been created to help the private industrialists. Mysore is the only Indian State which has a Trade Commissioner in London.

Electricity is generated from the Gersoppa Falls and is used for the industries as well as for lighting the Mysore City, Bangalore, and other towns. There is a large number of hospitals in different parts of the State where medicine is given free to the people. Departments of Geology, Archæology, and Epigraphy have been established and a Life Insurance has been introduced for officials in the State Service.

The Maharaja gave generous help to the British Government during the great war. The Mysore State Transport Corps did good work in Mesopotamia and the Mysore Lancers gave a good account of themselves in Egypt and Palestine.

V. Metta

STAGE AND SCREEN

(Continued from page 67)

the serpent in this Garden of Eden is introduced in the person of Mr. Basil Rathbone, as a villainous butler. Now Mr. Rathbone has a noble profile. He used to play Peter Ibbetson and, if he had a voice, he ought to play Parsifal. Good actor as he is, however, he resembles neither a villain nor a butler. So when the millionaire's son (Mr. Robert Taylor) decided, if I may use non-Parsifalitic lingo, to "dot him one" in the eye and in his own righteous wrath, I was concerned only for Mr. Rathbone's profile.

Fortunately no Rathbones were broken; explanations were given and no offence was taken and everyone gave signs of living happily ever after, and I am prepared to bet that this same plot is being trotted out again, at enormous expense, this very moment.

Marie Antoinette as Actress.—The generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junr., has enabled possibly the most romantic theatre in the world, and certainly one of the most beautiful, to be reopened for public performance. I refer to Marie Antoinette's theatre at the Little Trianon.

It is said that no performance has taken place there since the queen fled from her beloved Trianon on that tragic day in October, 1789. That I rather doubt. Some years ago I explored the theatre extensively—it is closed to the general public, but the authorities were kind to me—and found traces of post-revolution wall-paper. But the place was in a terrible state of dust and dilapidation, and cannot have been closed for much less than a century. There was, however, ample evidence of its former beauty—it is about the size of our own Ambassadors Theatre—and its original curtain, with its faded gold fringe, was still hanging.

Most of the performances in which Marie Antoinette appeared took place between 1780 and 1782, when the political storm was rumbling in the far distance. They were attended only by the members of the Court. Was she a good actress? It is recorded that Louis XVI gave his wife "the bird," but he can hardly have been, gross and stupid person that he was, a trustworthy critic. On the other hand, Her Majesty's favourable notices are suspect. Madame Campan, for instance, writes, "*le rôle de Colette fut réellement très bien joué par la reine.*" Madame would possibly have lost her job had she written in a different vein.

The probability is that Marie Antoinette, being a vivacious and charming woman, with a real passion for the theatre, acquitted herself on the stage pretty well.

LONDON: THE WORLD'S ART MARKET

(Continued from page 68)

ground Railways, Mr. Oppenheimer had been able to assist in protecting art treasures during the war by securing the use of an Underground station for the storing of 1,000 of the most precious pictures in London against the danger of air raids.

The five catalogues of the Oppenheimer collection comprise drawings by Old Masters, medieval and Renaissance works of art, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, medals, plaquettes and coins, and etchings, engravings, and water-colour drawings.

Of these collections the Old Master Drawings is the most famous—there are 460 items in the catalogues and the sale will take three days. The drawings cover the whole of the history of art from early Renaissance to the present day, and are of the keenest interest, being spontaneous studies or sketches from a master's hand. As Mr. C. J. Holmes says in his preface to the catalogue—"people have discovered that the living touch of a master's hand in a slight study may be more fascinating and suggestive than many an elaborate finished picture."

Among so many fine drawings covering so large a field, it is hard to differentiate, but there are some of outstanding merit; the "Rider on a Rearing Horse" by Leonardo da Vinci in silverpoint; Andrea del Sarto's "Study of a Man's Head" in black chalk, a beautiful piece of work; Albert Cuyp's "Panoramic View of a Distant Town" in black chalk and watercolour washes; Rembrandt's "Shah Jehan and His Son"; Dürer's "A Wise Virgin" being a few in point.

For the literary and scientific world the sale of the Newton papers at Sotheby's on July 13 and 14 is of the greatest importance. When Sir Isaac Newton died in 1727 he left all his MSS. to John Conduitt, who had married his niece, Catherine Barton, and from him they descended to his daughter, the first Viscountess Lymington, in whose family the collection has remained ever since. With the exception of some strictly scientific papers presented to the University of Cambridge, the collection remains intact, and according to the foreword in the catalogue comprises "all the Newton papers which can ever come into the market."

All Newton's varying interests, mathematical, theological, and those dealing with alchemy are represented in these papers, and his post as Warden of the Mint is shown in *The Mint Papers*, which have a section by themselves. Newton is chiefly remembered as the author of the *Principia*, in which he put forth the law of universal gravitation, but he himself regarded his theological works as of more importance—he held unorthodox opinions and was keenly interested in alchemy, endeavouring to discover the elixir of life, and how to transmute base metals into gold. But when he was appointed Master of the Mint, his eagerness over such pursuits had to be subdued, as any idea that the Master of the Mint could do conjuring tricks with changing copper into gold might have caused uneasiness! From these papers, personal, scientific, and theological, it is possible to gain an almost complete knowledge of Newton, and indeed they are the source of all our knowledge of his private life and character. A collection of such importance seldom comes into the saleroom.

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Hotel Sacher.
Op. the Opera House. Exclusive but inexpensive

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Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming pool. First-class residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment. Phone in every room.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Park Hotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe, facing river next Casino, Theatre, Sporting Grounds. Pension fr. 14 M.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

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Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R fr. 5.50, 50 baths fr. 9.

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Hotel zum Ritter.—Historical place, famous for centuries, first-class restaurant, every comfort. Manager: I. Küpfer.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

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GERMANY—*continued*.

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220 beds.
Situated amidst an extensive forest.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pens. fr. Marks 11.

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Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

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Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Always open. Rooms 5.50. Pension from Frs. 13. Branch house, Hotel Gotthard, near station.

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR: Combined Rail and Steamer Tickets for Visitors to South Africa : The M.S. "Gotland" Joins the Stockholm-Visby Service

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A Travel-conscious Country.

Czechoslovakia has been becoming increasingly popular with foreign visitors of recent years, and an attractive batch of travel booklets has been published now by the Ministry of Railways, which should help to make 1936 a bumper season. Next week's travel article in THE SPHERE will describe some of the spas and mountain resorts which are best worth visiting, as well as Prague itself, which is one of the most interesting capitals in Europe.

Drawn by Percy Home

ANTWERP'S GLORY: The Cathedral's great belfry dominates the city's picturesque Renaissance houses. The tower is exactly 406 ft. high, 2 ft. more than that of Salisbury

GREAT BRITAIN: New Ways for British Holidays.

Under the above title the London and North-Eastern Railway has brought out an extremely well-prepared series of booklets. Each one is limited to a specified area: Durham and Northumberland, the Yorkshire Dales, the Yorkshire Coast, Lincolnshire and the Dukeries, and finally East Anglia; and each contains a map, a time-table of local road and rail services, a description (illustrated) of the chief places of interest, and exhaustive details of the accommodation available.

SOUTH AFRICA: More about Johannesburg.

The Union-Castle Line is another of those who announce the issue of combined rail and steamship tickets for travellers who wish to fit in a tour of South Africa with a visit to the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg. Some of the tours proposed also provide for a visit to Southern Rhodesia. The first vessel for which these combined tickets will be available is the *Stirling Castle*, sailing from Southampton on August 21, and the last is the *Carnarvon Castle*, sailing on December 18. Passengers may return by any vessel leaving Capetown within three months of their arrival, and before the end of February, 1937.

SWEDEN: A new Swedish Motorship.

The *M.S. Gotland*, which has just made its appearance on the (Stockholm) Nynäshamn-Visby route, will add considerably to the enjoyment of travellers going to that lovely, calm old city, which offers such a contrast from the dynamic restlessness of the capital. For its size (1870 tons) the new ship certainly appears to achieve a very up-to-date standard of luxury, and an interesting point about the scheme of decoration is that almost the only textiles used are of Gotland home-craft manufacture—a tribute to the island from which they come.

Stockholm Bridge Tournament.

Stockholm will be the scene of an International Bridge Tournament all next week. The Swedes themselves have long been keen players, and the Tournament is a symbol of the active social life to be found there at this time of year. Stockholm is one of the few capitals from which people do not, as a matter of choice, migrate during the summer months, since they already enjoy unrivalled facilities for such pleasures as bathing and sailing.

SWITZERLAND: The Mountain Passes.

All the mountain passes were open this year as usual by the end of May, but owing to exceptional snowfalls at the higher altitudes, traffic was subsequently held up again on some of them. It is now stated, however, that all are open once more, with the exception (at the time of writing) of the Umbrail, which is expected to be clear within a few days.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

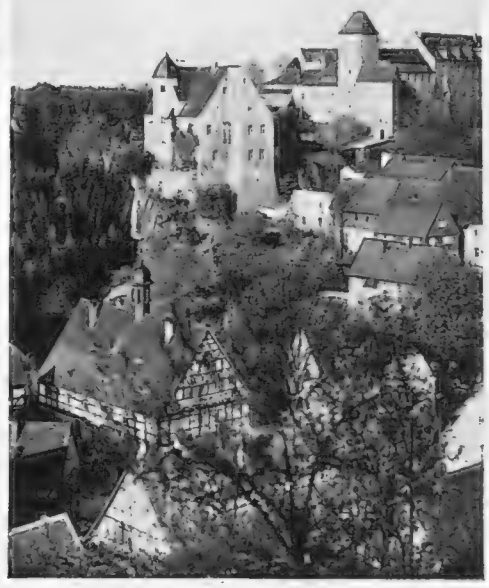
The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Where Holidays are Cheapest.—We note that you would like to spend a holiday in the Alps, and we enclose a booklet giving information about the fares from which you will see that a forty-five-day ticket is available at a special rate. We cannot, however, recommend a holiday in Switzerland from the economic point of view as the cost of living is exceedingly high.

The cheapest place abroad for the length of visit you propose is Germany. There is a 60 per cent. reduction on the railways in Germany and the registered mark makes the cost of living very cheap. For a holiday by the sea we suggest the island of Rugen, or Swinemund, almost opposite on the mainland. Or perhaps you would like Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the Bavarian Alps; the scenery is very lovely and a most enjoyable holiday may be spent here. The Black Forest, of course, needs no recommendation.

Belgium also is very cheap, the £ sterling being worth about 23s., and a delightful holiday may be spent in Sweden where the £ sterling is worth 21s. Austria is attracting many visitors; it costs more to get there, but it is cheaper than Switzerland.

If you prefer Switzerland to any other place we think you would like Saas-Fee. This is a very lovely place, very quiet, with climbing to suit the experienced or amateur climber, and also there is good ordinary walking. We enclose a leaflet with illustrations and general information.



REFORMATORY TO YOUTH HOSTEL: The old castle at Hohnstein which was at one time a place of correction and has now been transformed by the Nazi Government into a guest house with accommodation for nearly a thousand people. It has twelve spacious reception rooms

The second-class return fare (forty-five-day ticket) is £11 10s. and a second-class sleeper on the Simplon-Orient Express from Paris to Brigue £1 14s. 10d. (one way). [Ref.: E.B. 86. June 30, 1936.]

Hotels in Mallorca.—There are several good hotels situated in the seaside suburb of El Terreno, a short distance from the centre of Palma. A small, comfortable hotel, popular with English people is the Inglesa, which charges from 12s. per day. The Hotel Bristol at San Augustin faces the sea, four miles from Palma, with a frequent service of trams. Charges range from 10s. per day. A new English guest-house, the Chalfont Guest House, 3, Calle dos de Mayo, El Terreno charges 10s. per day, and the Hotel Calamayor, five miles out of Palma, charges from about 14s. per day.

On the north side of the island at Pollensa-Puerto, we recommend the Mar I Col Hotel which is very good indeed, though not luxurious. The surrounding scenery is delightful and a most enjoyable holiday (though very quiet) can be spent at Pollensa-Puerto. The hotel charges about 9s. or 10s. per day. Another very attractive spot is Puerto de Soller, on the west side of the island. A good little hotel there situated on the beach is the Marina, where charges are about 8s. per day. Soller is much nearer to Palma than Pollensa, being 24 miles from Palma by train, whilst Pollensa is 35 miles from Palma and the train goes only about three-quarters of the way. The fashionable Formentor Hotel is, however, not far from Pollensa-Puerto, so that if you wished for some amusement without going all the way into Palma, you could occasionally dine at the hotel.

There is also the Hotel Mirimar at Alcudia Port which charges about 12s. per day: there is a golf course at Alcudia.

Probably you would prefer El Terreno and the Chalfont Guest House is run by English people. We are unable to give the nationality of the proprietors of the other hotels mentioned, but we understand they are Spanish. [Ref.: E.B. 85. June 30, 1936.]

From a new camera study by T. Clarke

BUILT BY THE ARCHITECT OF THE PARTHENON: The venerable columns of the Apollo Temple of Bassæ, an unexpected sight in the wild mountain solitudes of the Grecian Peleponnesus. With one exception the entire thirty-eight columns of the peristyle are still standing together with the greater part of the architrave

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Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

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panelled country house: 22 bedrooms with running water and telephones—in short, all that you expect in a very first-class hotel, and a great deal more.

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The Proprietor of Lodge Hill Hotel, Watersfield,
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First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter. Running Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites
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In Quest of

Places in London and the Home Counties for Visitors

RECOMMENDATION is an hotel's best advertisement and no one knows this better than the hotelier himself.

True, the wise hotel proprietor advertises consistently, for he realises that people have an unfortunate way of departing this life for a better, or at least forsaking old loves for new, and so he advertises to tap new springs to enable the river of recommendation to flow on.

Of particular importance to him is recommendation as applied to visitors to his hotel from overseas. In probably the majority of cases they discuss their homecoming, and the pros and cons of hotels, many months before sailing. They talk again of their plans on the ship coming over, and as I know from my SPHERE post-bag they read these weekly articles with an eagerness and interest that often prompt them to write me for more detailed recommendations.

Where do the overseas visitors first make for when they arrive? The very great majority have London as their immediate objective. Shops lure, shows attract, Wimbledon draws; yes, there are a hundred-and-one reasons for a few nights and days in good old London!

Writing of nights, I was recently amazed at the babel of tongues and the brilliance of the scene at the supper—dance—cabaret which is such a nightly international feature of Grosvenor House in Park Lane. After an evening spent there, who could possibly say that England is dull and our British hotels out of date? Where else is there an hotel in Europe the equal of Grosvenor House in comprehensiveness, in catering for the individual requirements of varied nationalities?

The American, in coming to Grosvenor House, finds iced drinking water laid on in every room. His own pet dishes ready especially for him. And he can get there what he can never get in New York—the views over and under the tree tops of Hyde Park!

There's not a London hotel of repute that does not benefit from the growing influx of visitors from overseas.

Those who prefer a more solid form of British comfort make for hotels such as the Alexandra Hotel at Hyde Park Corner, and overlooking Rotten Row; the Cadogan Hotel off Sloane Street; and when they seek the maximum of comfort with the greatest lenience to their purse, you will find many at one of the "North" group of London hotels such as Onslow Court or Alwin Court situated in the most fashionable part of South Kensington.

But there is another section of overseas visitors, and I often feel that if I were in their shoes I would do the same thing. They make their headquarters at one of the many charming residential hotels that lie outside London and yet within easy reach of a day's shopping or the long-put-off visit to the dentist!

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

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Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Tel. 3266.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel. 'Phone 3235-6.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Blackpool.—The Headlands Private Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel. Tel. 50.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel.
Exford, nr. Minehead.—Crown Hotel. 'Phone 43.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Guildford.—Tangley Hall. Tel. Shalford 179.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Haywards Heath.—The Birch Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Hotel
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea (Sussex).—Southdean. Tel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. 511.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Rye (Sussex).—Old Hope Anchor. Tel. 126.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Shaldon (S. Devon).—Undercliff Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Home Counties that Cater from Overseas

An hotel in this category is the Ferring Grange Hotel near Worthing, where the directors, Col. H. E. Weekes and Mr. E. Coleridge Gair, who have much personal knowledge of the East, give a very genuine welcome to those coming home from overseas.

Lodge Hill Hotel, near Pulborough, is another place ideal for those home on leave. Some Americans on the *Berengaria* booked accommodation there the other week by wireless, and were so delighted when they arrived that they forgot all about their intended visit to London, and stayed until they were due to return on the *Queen Mary*.

Coming nearer London, there are many excellent residential hotels within half-an-hour's journey: Oatlands Park Hotel, for example, at Weybridge. A wonderful country mansion in its own grounds of 60 acres—swimming, golf, tennis, dancing, and so on; all *free* to residents, and the inclusive terms run from 5 guineas a week. No wonder they have to employ their saloon hotel bus to journey to the docks at times and collect the homecomer for what proves to be "a real leave home."

Other hotels in this category are Selsdon Park and Wickham Court hotels which I described in a recent article.

And there are a number of smaller hotels in or near London that have a long-established clientèle from overseas. The Hotels Constance and Elizabeth at Lancaster Gate are examples in London itself. And outside are such delightful hotels as the Red House at Leatherhead; Bramley Grange and Newlands Corner Hotels, both near Guildford, and the Lake Hotel at Godalming.

And for those who appreciate the atmosphere of the old English inn, complete to-day with modern comforts, here are a few places that I can quickly recall to mind in which the overseas visitor revels. The Crown Inn at Chiddingfold, Surrey, and the Hautboy at Ockham; the Spread Eagle, Midhurst, and the Middle House, Mayfield—both in Sussex; the Leicester Arms, Penshurst, and the Amherst Arms, Riverhead, near Sevenoaks—in Kent; the Montague Arms, Beaulieu—Hampshire; the Crown and Thistle, Abingdon—in Berkshire; and the Oxenham Arms, South Zeal, Devonshire; whilst the little book issued by Trust Houses, Ltd., has something out of the ordinary to offer in practically every county. Those from overseas are adepts at finding the picked spots, and you will not go wrong if you follow their example.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

George last year spent his holiday in the Mediterranean and returned just like a wet rag!

This year he will return fit to push a bus over after a really bracing holiday at the

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There is no more up-to-date hotel in East Anglia

A real Holiday Hotel. Fine Ballroom. Dancing Hostess and First-class Band in Season. Cocktail Lounge. Bathing. Gardens. Golf. Every Amenity and Service. Telephone: Sheringham 3.

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A DE LUXE HOTEL

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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Illustrated brochure on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, open-air swimming pool, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

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Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking Gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service.

Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions*

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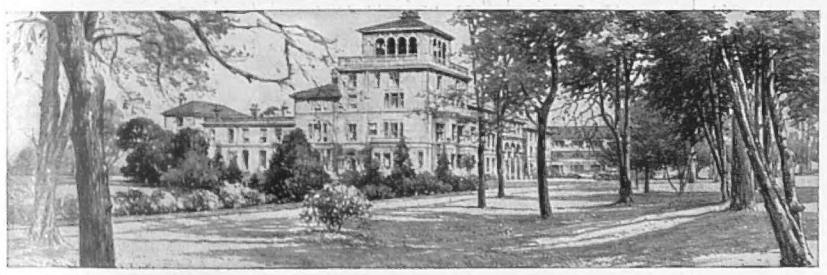

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Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

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Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

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Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. 'Phone 2671.
Tavistock (Devon).—Bedford Hotel. Tel. 37.
Tewkesbury, Gloucester.—Royal Hop Pole Htl.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Padd. 8083
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban (Western Highlands).—The Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.

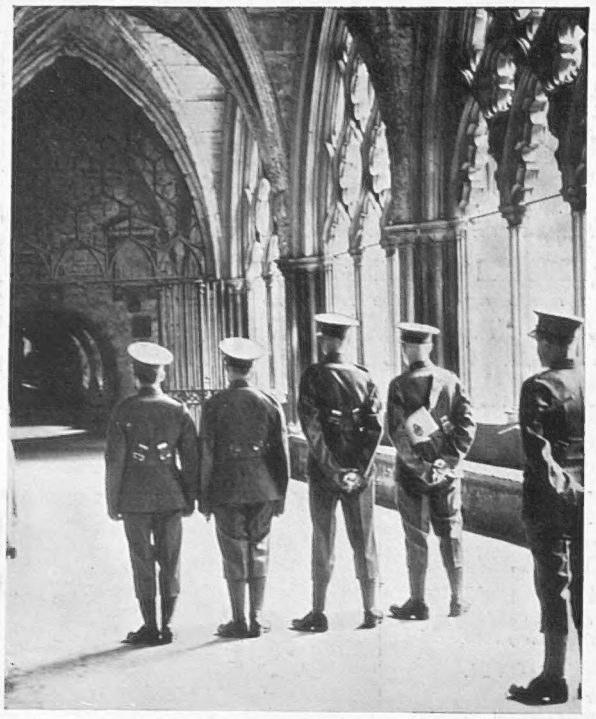
NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

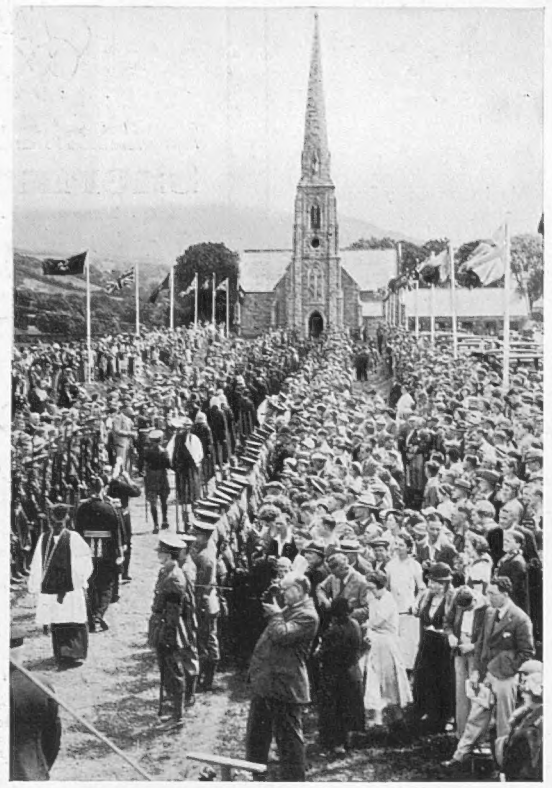
Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

A Last Look Round



ONE OF LONDON'S LITTLE-KNOWN CEREMONIES takes place on the first Monday of each month when a party of five members of the R.A.M.C. marches to Westminster Abbey and turns a page in the book recording the names of those in the corps who gave their lives in the great war

THE KING'S STUD: A scene in the paddocks at Hampton Court, to which His Majesty's thoroughbreds have been moved from Norfolk. In the centre is a Fairway foal



TYNWALD DAY IN THE ISLE OF MAN: Manx notabilities walking in procession to the Church of St. John after attending the annual ceremony on Tynwald Hill, where the laws of the Island passed during the last session were formally promulgated

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Annual Cadet Corps Inspection in connection with the Newport Market Army Bands School (a branch of the above Society) was held on Saturday, July 4, at Darrick Wood, Orpington. The inspection was carried out by Field-Marshal Lord Milne. This great work of training poor boys for Army Bands is urgently in need of funds, and gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK! This 6 ft. piece of stonework, bearing the Royal Arms, has been taken from the Houses of Parliament and is being sent to Ceylon in order to be set up in the Island's State Council building

JUMBO RECEIVES: Guests at last Tuesday's Charity Ball at the London Zoo admiring one of the elephants during an interval between dances. The group includes Lady Grenfell and Lady Rosemary and Captain Jeffries

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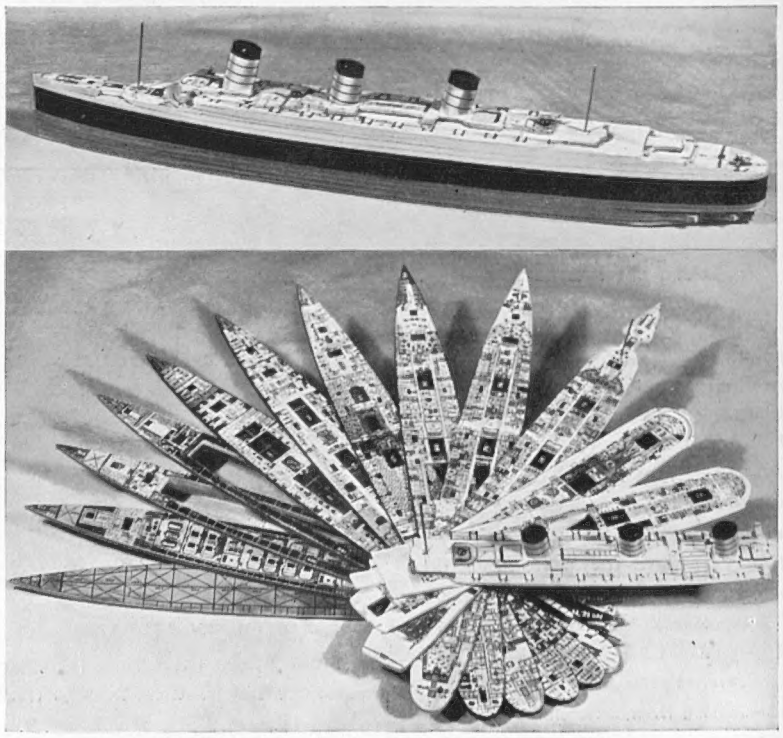

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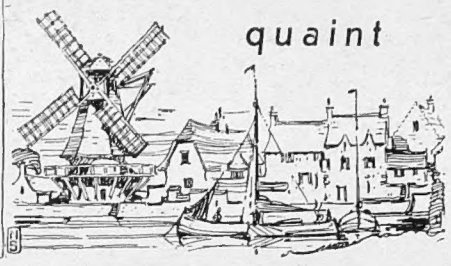

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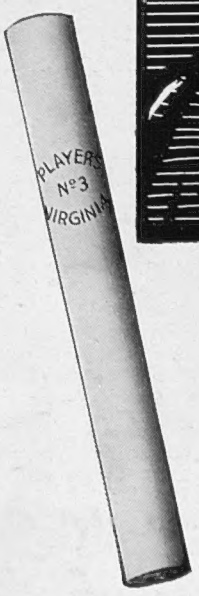

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